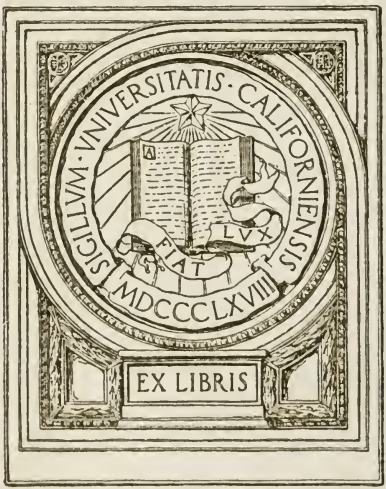
TOKEN

OF

Friendship

GIFT OF
Ella Sterling Mighels



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TOKEN OF Friendship

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GIFT OF
Ella Sterling Mighels

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THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Love and Hope and Youth, together
Travelling once in stormy weather,
Met a deep and gloomy tide,
Flowing swift and dark and wide.
'T was named the river of Despair,—
And many a wreck was floating there.
The urchins paused, with faces grave,
Debating how to cross the wave,
When lo! the curtain of the storm
Was severed, and the rainbow's form
Stood against the parting cloud,
Emblem of peace on trouble's shroud.
Hope pointed to the signal flying,
And the three, their shoulders plying
O'er the stream the light arch threw
A rainbow bridge of loveliest hue!
Now, laughing as they tripped it o'er,
They gayly sought the other shore:
But soon the hills began to frown,
And the bright sun went darkly down.
Though their step was light and fleet,
The rainbow vanished 'neath their feet,—

And down they went, — the giddy things; —
But Hope put forth his ready wings, —
And clinging Love and Youth he bore
In triumph to the other shore.
But ne'er I ween should mortals deem
On rainbow bridge to cross a stream,
Unless bright, buoyant Hope is nigh,
And, — light as Love and Youth, — they fly.

THE SILVER BIRDSNEST.

BY H. F. GOULD.

We were shown a beautiful specimen of the ingenuity of birds, a few days since, by Dr. Cook of this borough. It was a birdsnest, made entirely of silver wires, beautifully woven together. The nest was found on a sycamore tree, by Dr. Francis Beard of York County. It was the nest of a hanging-bird; and the material was probably obtained from a soldier's epaulette, which it had found. — *West Chester Village Record, Spring of* 1838.

A STRANDED soldier's epaulet
The waters cast ashore,
A little winged rover met,
And eyed it o'er and o'er.
The silver bright so pleased her sight
On that lone, idle vest,
She knew not why she should deny
Herself a silver nest.

The shining wire she pecked and twirled,
Then bore it to her bough,
Where, on a flowery twig 't was curled, —
The bird can show you how:
But, when enough of that bright stuff
The cunning builder bore
Her house to make, she would not take,
Nor did she covet, more.

And when the little artisan,
  While neither pride nor guilt
Had entered in her pretty plan,
  Her resting-place had built;
With here and there a plume to spare
  About her own light form,
Of these, inlaid with skill, she made
  A lining soft and warm.

But, do you think the tender brood
  She fondled there, and fed,
Were prouder, when they understood
  The sheen about their bed?
Do you suppose they ever rose,
  Of higher powers possessed,
Because they knew they peeped and grew
  Within a silver nest?

EARLY DAYS.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

Who, for all that age could bring,
Would forget life's budding spring?
Hours of frolic! school-boy days!
Full of merry pranks and plays;
When the untaught spirit beats
With a thousand wild conceits;
When each pleasure, bright and new
Sparkles fresh with heavenly dew;
When the light that shines abroad,
Seems the very smile of God;
Who, in after toil and strife,
Would forget the morn of life?

Maturer age brings riper thought,
Fills with nobler hopes the mind,
Seeks the truth by Prophets sought,
Toils to benefit mankind;—
Yet who, 'mid all that age can bring
Would forget life's budding spring?

* * * * *

New-born minds, untouched by sin,
Make the earth seem holy ground;
Thus the innocence within
Sheds its light on all around,
Till the hills and flowers and streams
Are woven o'er with golden dreams.

How oft in youth I wandered out,
With bounding step and merry shout,
Running and leaping in the sun,
With heart brimful of joy and fun,
Till by degrees my eye grew mild,
And I became less gay and wild,
And every thing by Nature wrought
Awakened me to calmer thought,
And my young spirit, unaware,
Seemed lifted on the wings of prayer.

* * * * *

How oft beneath the shadows dim,
I sat beside the fountain's brim,
Watching the wild-wood flowers, which there
Breathed their sweet perfume to the air,
And saw each dew-bent blossom shine
With something of a light divine!

How oft I watched, with thoughtful eye,
The clouds that slowly wandered by,
Amid an atmosphere of blue,
With pearl and rose and amber hue,
And felt, as thus they went abroad,
They were the messengers of God!

And when, upon the river's side,
I saw the silver waters glide;
While my school-mate, half in play,
Watched the tranquil current flow,
And sought to draw the speckled prey
From its native home below;

How often have I felt the sight
Fill my whole being with delight,
While waves below and clouds above
Stirred my young heart to holy love!

* * * * *

Then each scene, before me brought,
Did unfold some inward thought;
Happy moments! Golden hours!
Pure and blessed joys of youth!
Then I felt those inward powers,
That now pant for highest truth!
Not for all that age can bring,
Would I forget Life's budding spring

THE COUNTESS SURVILLIERS.

A TRANSLATED FRAGMENT

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

I HAD passed an hour in the saloon of the Count of St. Leu, whose palace stands conspicuous among those splendid buildings upon the quay of the Arno, near the bridge of the Holy Trinity, in Florence. The Count was confined to his bed by illness; his customary evening circle awaited him in vain; it was at length announced, that he was too ill to appear; sherbet was served, and the guests departed.

Nothing is more disagreeable in a strange city than an interrupted *soirée*, by which our social arrangements for the evening are destroyed; one then feels doubly a stranger. M. de D..., a relative of Prince Talleyrand, proposed to take us to the Pergola, where the "Rosamond" of Donizetti was to be performed, and in which Duprez was to sing. "Rosamond" is a feeble composition. It is said of this work, that

the composer had been captured by four brigands, who led him to their cave, and, with their bayonets at his breast, compelled him to write an opera. "Rosamond," written in one night, was the result.

We approached the Pergola; the street was dark and the theatre closed. Some one of the neighbourhood informed us, that Duprez was to sing at the Palazzo Pucci, in a concert given by a celebrated vocalist.

"We may as well proceed to the Palazzo Pucci," said our conductor, with a smile; and away we went.

The street was full of carriages, and the hall crowded with people. It was impossible to obtain a place for one, and we were three. M. de D... observed, that he was well aquainted with the owner of the palace, a wealthy Englishman, who often indulged in the generous practice of loaning his hall and his lustres to artists, for these occasions. "We must obtain admission at all hazards," added he; "I have just heard, that Duprez is to sing two *arias* from 'Tell,' and that is worth more than the whole of 'Rosamond.' Wait for me but one minute."

He leaped up the steps with the light and confident tread of a favored family friend.

The minute lasted an hour. At length we saw him returning, and, as he approached, he threw up his arms in token of ill success. There were already more people in the hall than it would hold; even the owner had himself retired to make room for strangers. Could hospitality further go?

"We will to the Countess Survilliers," said M. de D...; "I have not seen her for five weeks, and will introduce you to her." We gladly acceded to the proposal, and our carriage was soon rolling along the dark and solitary streets leading to the Ponte Vecchio. Crossing the Arno, we penetrated a sombre and dilapidated suburb, where one would hardly think of seeking for a queen's palace. It seemed, indeed, as if we ourselves were going into exile.

The carriage stopped before a high trellis; the servant pulled the bell; it seemed like ringing at the door of an Egyptian tomb, so many were the answering echoes and so solemn was the silence of the place. At length the slow movement of a porter was heard. Before opening, he asked our names. M. de D... gave his, which was known to almost every porter in Florence, and the gate swung upon its hinges.

The dark and deserted court, through which

we passed, was rendered still more dismal by the dying flicker of a solitary lantern. We ascended a broad, resounding staircase; M. de D..., after very cavalierly dismissing the old porter, opened the first door of the apartments, and conducted us to the grand reception-room.

Two ladies were in the saloon. One of them, the *ci-devant* queen of Spain, appeared to have been asleep upon a sofa, and aroused by the noise of our entrance. The other, the Princess Charlotte, her daughter, was occupied in drawing at a small table. The Countess Survilliers welcomed us by a graceful inclination of the head, and with a motion of her hand pointed out to us our seats. She was ill and suffering much; her pale countenance, however, yet retained its noble and dignified expression. The Princess Charlotte discontinued her drawing, yet preserved a cold and melancholy demeanor. We knew not how to introduce conversation; no one spoke; M. de D... himself, with his adventurous boldness, acquired by constant intercourse with the world was constrained and silent.

The impression made upon me by this group may well be imagined. It was the first time I had seen the Countess, and I understood nothing of this extraordinary silence in a Florentine sa-

loon, where the winged words generally fly so rapidly and all seem to speak in chorus. I first learned, alas, after leaving the palace, how much of meaning and consecrated etiquette there was in this reception.

I knew not, at the time, that a dreadful calamity had recently fallen upon this exiled family, I knew not that this young and lovely princess was the widow of that unfortunate Napoleon, the son of Hortense, who had met a violent death in Romagna. Time had robbed the catastrophe of none of its horrors, which were constantly present to the minds of these sad mourners. But, instead of tears, prevailed that deep-seated, inexhaustible, and unconquerable sorrow, which still endures when the black crape has faded, and ceases but with the last throb of the broken heart. A widow of eighteen years, and in what manner widowed? There are some misfortunes so dreadful, that they momentarily shake even a settled and unwavering faith in the righteousness of God's providence. There are calamities, entirely out of the usual course of human events, apparently intended for the special affliction of some devoted individual, and resulting from a combination of circumstances so strange and frightful, that to the skeptic they naturally seem

to emanate from the Spirit of Evil. It was not enough that a young girl, full of grace and spirit, like this Princess Charlotte, at an age usually gilded by the sunshine of careless joy, should be called to mourn all those illustrious dead, who, to us, are merely the brilliant subjects of universal history, but to her were near relatives and dear friends. A ray of happiness seemed at last to fall upon the innocent exile; a happy marriage had prepared for her a brilliant future, and given her the most delightful residence in that city of refuge for the unfortunate, beautiful Florence, it had blessed her with wealth, honor, love. But, alas! ere the bridal garland had yet lost its freshness or its fragrance, ere the last echoes of the marriage hymn had yet ceased, commenced the solemn requiem for the loved, the lost, the dead!

I remained an hour in this abode of sorrow, during all which time but few words were interchanged. Although exerting myself to restrain a childish curiosity, I could not refrain from an occasional glance at the objects around me. The saloon was spacious, splendidly gilded, and luxuriously furnished. In one of those moments when the Princess Charlotte had made a successful effort to combat busy memory, that she

might speak on other subjects than that which incessantly occupied her heart, she observed to me, that this palace had formerly belonged to the Prince Demidoff, of whom her family had purchased it. This noble building, now so silent and solitary, of which two sorrowing women were the sole inhabitants, had, then, witnessed all those brilliant festivals given by the rich Muscovite to the descendants of the Guelfs and the Ghibelines. How instructive, how full of change, is the history of a palace! As joy dies away in the hearts of men, so also expire the flames of the lustres, and the mournful darkness of the saloon affords its silent sympathy to suffering humanity.

The amiable princess seemed desirous of making compensation for the sad constraint which circumstances had imposed on us all. Twice, towards the end of our visit, were her pale features lighted up with a faint, sweet smile. She showed to us her album, which contained many beautiful emanations from her own mind and heart. The lady who accompanied us, requested permission to transcribe the following stanzas which they showed us, and which are upon the willow standing by the grave of Napoleon, at St. Helena:

" Pour lui raconter sous la terre
Sa vieille gloire de quinze ans,
Il n'a qu'un arbre solitaire,
Le dernier de ses courtisans ;
De tant de guirlandes de fête
Qu'un monde tressa pour sa tête,
Que lui reste-t il aujourd'hui ?
Un saule sur la roche dure,
Seul arc triomphal de verdure
Que le tems ait laissé pour lui !

" Visitant sa froide demeure,
Nos marins, le front découvert,
Du saule échevelé qui pleure
Se partagent un rameau vert ;
Et, plus confians aux étoiles,
A la brise ils ouvrent leurs voiles,
Sûrs de revoir leurs beaux climats ;
Car on dit que ce saint feuillage
Donne au navire un doux mouillage
Et porte bonheur à ses mâts ! "

It was not without humid eyes that we took our leave. No word was spoken in the carriage ; and the whole city seemed to have caught a shade of our sadness. The Arno murmuringly rippled by the foundations of the old Ghibeline mansions upon its banks ; the rising moon shed its pale light upon the cypress wood which frowns above the Villa Strozzi ; and the illuminated clock upon the dark tower of the old palace indicated the

hour of eleven, when, amid congenial stillness and gloom, we reached our hotels.

Note. Since the above sketch was handed to the Editor of the Token, he has noticed the following account of the death of the Princess Charlotte.

Extract of a Letter from Florence, dated the 4th of March, 1839.

"Princess Charlotte, daughter of the King Joseph Napoleon, died at Sarzana, on her way from Florence to Genoa for the benefit of her health. Her decease has produced great regret where she was known, from her taste for the arts, for which she possessed remarkable talents. Since her youth, she had been in exile with her family, but still entertained an enthusiastic affection for France. She resided with the Queen Julia, her mother, in Frankfort and Brussels, till the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. She traversed the Atlantic to offer consolation to her father, then in the United States, the feeble state of her mother's health having prevented her from going. Princess Charlotte returned to Europe in 1822, and she was soon united to a prince worthy of her, Prince Napoleon. His premature death had deeply affected her, and in her turn she has been suddenly taken away by the breaking of a blood vessel."

TO M. A.

As one that gazeth on a star,
In adoration from afar,
I gaze on thee, as pure and fair,—
And yet, alas, as cold thine air!

Still, I have fondly, madly dwelt
On one bright orb, till reason knelt
In worship at so loved a shrine,
And, oh, how deeply wished 't were mine.

And when I saw its equal rays
Bestowed on all who chanced to gaze,
Spite of its high and haughty birth,
I would have plucked it down to earth.

Lady, forgive! that star is bright,
No thought of mine can dim its light;
Proudly it sweeps the azure sky,
And I am left alone to sigh.

SONNET: TO LOUISE,

DAUGHTER OF A FRENCH REFUGEE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Fair, trembling girl, methinks I ne'er beheld
So sweet a sufferer in Love's hour of woe:
Not one, the ruthless deity compelled
To crush a father's heart by such strange blow.
Though happy in thy choice, — unhappy thou
In the stern secret he hath bade thee keep.
Sinless, yet joyless, thou canst not bestow
One sympathetic smile, but turn'st to weep
From him who yearns to bless thee, — him whose brow
The coronet of rank restored shall grace, —
But finds not there one jewel that can glow
Like the bright beauty of his child's dear face, —
In days of confidence. Oh! ne'er forget
The daughter's deep, unutterable debt.

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THE VELVET HAT.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I THINK I see thee, gentle one,
When first that "velvet hat,"
Before the looking-glass put on,
Upon thy dark curls sat;—
I see the look of youthful pride,
Which thou didst seek in vain to hide,—
The triumph lingering in thine eye,
The conscious blush, that flitted by.

I see thee turn aside thine head,
Adjust the glossy curl,—
And backward go with tiptoe tread,
And pretty, girlish whirl,
Then forward step for one last view;—
The "velvet hat" was then quite new,
And thou wouldst know if it would be
Becoming to thy curls and thee.

Yes, all was right,—I see it now,
By that complacent smile,
The calmness of the placid brow,
The dash of maiden wile,
That seems to dimple round the eye
And lurk about the corners sly
Of that sweet, budding lip of thine,
Which I could almost press to mine.

The "velvet hat," it was, sweet girl,
  The very thing for thee,—
So causing brow and sunny curl
  In softened light to be.
O! may no shadow ever rest
More coldly on thy youthful breast,
Than this, that falls upon thy brow
But making it more lovely now.

EARLY FLOWERS.

BY MRS. WHITMAN

"Vergnugen sitzt in Blumen-kelchen, und kommt alle Jahr einmal als Geruch heraus."—*Rahel.*

"Pleasure sits in the flower-cups, and breathes itself out once every year in fragrance."

As the fabled stone into music woke,
When the morning sun o'er the marble broke,
So wakes the heart from its stern repose,
As o'er brow and bosom the spring-wind blows;
So it stirs and trembles, as each low sigh
Of the breezy south comes murmuring by;—

Murmuring by like a voice of love,
Wooing us forth amid flowers to rove;
Breathing of forest-paths damp with dew,
Which the milk-white buds of the strawberry strew;
And of banks that slope to the southern sky,
Where languid violets love to lie.

Its wings are heavy with rich perfume,
Won from the hyacinth's purple bloom;
It has rifled the buds from the blossoming tree,
And robbed of his banquet the roving bee,

Their white petals far o'er the fields are blown
Like pearls on a mantle of emerald sown
No foliage droops o'er the wood-path now,
Flinging rich curtains from bough to bough,
But a trembling shadow of silvery green
Falls through the young leaf's tender screen
Like the hue that borders the snow-drop's bell
Or lines the lid of an eastern shell;
There the gold-cup may burnish her crown at: eas
As she basks in the sunshine beside the way,
The anemone open her sleepy eye,
And look at the clouds as they wander by,
Or hide 'neath the shade of a drooping fern,
To gather the dew in her waxen urn.

Already the green-budding birchen spray
Catches the light in its quivering play,
And the aspen thrills to a low, sweet tone,
Breathed for her listening ear alone.
Through the tangled coppice the dwarf-oak weaves
Its fringe-like blossoms and crimson leaves,
And the velvet buds of the willow unfold
Into downy feathers bedropt with gold,
While, thick as the stars of the midnight sky,
In the dark, wet meadows the cowslips lie.

Now on rocky ledges the columbines grow,
With their heavy honey-cups bending low,
As a heart, which vague, sweet thoughts oppress,
Droops neath its burden of happiness.
There the waters drip from their mossy wells,
With a sound like the tinkling of silver bells

Or fall, with a mellow and flute-like flow,
Through the channelled clefts of the rock below.

Ay, music gushes in every tone,
And perfume on every breeze is blown!
On the flashing fount and the blossoming bough,
The light of gladness and beauty glow;
While all sweet sounds through the air that float,
The hum of the bee and the wild-bird's note,
The flush on the wind-flower's delicate cheek,
The perfume that steals from the violet's beak,
Confess a presence of joy and love,
That bends o'er earth like a brooding dove.

The flower in fragrance, the bird in song,
The glittering wave as it glides along,
All breathe the incense of boundless bliss,
The eloquent music of happiness!

And the soul, as it sheds o'er the sunbright hour
The priceless wealth of its princely dower,
Linked to all nature by chords of love,
Lifted by faith to pure worlds above,
In vain would it utter the full, free tide
Of grateful thoughts through the heart that glide,
Fervid and deep as the hue that glows
In the burning core of the crimson rose.

Yet sad would the heart of the dreamer be,
And this world a withering mockery;
Its glory, a meteor that sweeps the sky,
A blossom, that floats on the storm-wind by;

If, as it passes on arrowy wing,
It left not a token of endless spring,
If it nurtured no rich-fruited flower of love,
To bloom for yon far land of beauty above.

A LOVE MATCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEALTH AND FASHION"

It is surprising how many different stages people may pass through in the course of their lives, and yet preserve their identity. The Lintons were always spoken of as very worthy people. They were industrious and economical, and then they were called wealthy people. They purchased an elegant house, and furnished it with French furniture, and mirrors to the floor; then they were called fashionable people. At length they gave dinners and balls, and brought out their only child, who was a belle and a beauty, and then they were called stylish people This is the very acme of praise in the aristocratic vocabulary.

"The force of nature could no further go;"

and after the Lintons became wealthy, fashionable, and stylish, they stood still.

Was it not a great mistake, in abolishing titles in this country, that we did not abolish the desire for them? Now, with a certain class, nothing

is left to distinguish them but what can be procured by vulgar coin, and all the wealth in the country cannot turn one American citizen into a duke, or even a three-tailed bashaw. Emma Linton, the heroine of our tale and the only child, though ambitious, possessed no vulgar ambition. Many a youth sued for her fair hand. She smiled upon them, talked with them, waltzed with them, and accepted their bouquets; but her heart remained untouched. She had her secret aspirations, and determined never to marry unless she could see them accomplished. It was not wealth she sighed for, nor such rank as our republican country affords, but for what she considered its true nobility, *talent.*

There were many young lawyers, physicians, and divines, who gave fair promise of future eminence in their respective professions; but this was not Emma's idea of talent. Talent was a magic word, that embraced every thing. The man who realized her *beau idéal,* was to charm by his eloquence, dazzle by his wit, convince by his arguments, and conquer by his energy. To find him was not easy, yet it had been her dream for years. She had heard of such, and read of such, but they were like wandering comets, that never crossed her path.

It is extremely difficult to know where to seek for our distinguished men. Every party has its demigods, and poor Emma was kept in a state of feverish vicissitude. One position, however, she resolutely adopted, that they were only to be found in public life; and she therefore sought her future husband in all the newspapers. She read whig speeches and democratic speeches, tariff speeches and anti-tariff. She turned from the frozen zone of the north to the fiery tropics of the south. She wandered from the far east to the still farther west, and her heart found no resting-place.

At length, however, one star seemed to rise above its twinkling associates. All the world began to talk of Mr. Merville. "When he spoke in public," the newspapers said, "every eye was fixed upon him, and every tongue was mute." All parties acknowledged his talents; but only the party to which he belonged, gave him credit for virtue and principle.

Mr. Linton happened to be on an excursion to Washington when Mr. Merville's fame became so transcendent, and therefore had the good fortune to hear him make a speech six hours long, during which it seemed doubtful whether he once stopped to breathe. All this Emma learned

through the newspapers, and waited with the utmost impatience for her father's return. She had ascertained that Merville was a bachelor, and, if disengaged, he was the very hero of her aspirations. All in time Mr. Linton arrived, and Emma inquired, with no small degree of agitation, what he thought of the distinguished Senator.

With surprise she learned that he was an early friend of her father's. They had met, with a glow of feeling that carried them back to youth, and in the fulness of communication Mr. Linton expressed his astonishment that Merville had never married.

"It would be surprising," replied his companion, "if mine had not been an occupied life; but I begin to grow weary of the strife of politics, and tired of gazing year after year on the hard, unyielding visages of my constituents. I want different specimens of creation; its corals, its pearls, and its roses;—the truth is, Linton, I am determined to marry, and live for myself."

"I wish," replied his friend, "you could take some fifteen or twenty years from your age; and then, as far as my influence and consent could insure success, you might become my son-in law."

"And why not now?" said Merville eagerly "do you see in me any of the imbecility of age? Is my arm feeble to protect my wife my heart cold in its pulsations? Where is th man, on whom you could bestow your daughter who would insure her less chance of vicissitude and change? You may obtain for her youth, but you must take with it the uncertainty of worldly success, of moral character, and of disposition. Perhaps you may see her breasting the storms of life with a man who has nothing but his youth to recommend him, an advantage of all others the most perilous and the most fleeting."

As he spoke, his eye sparkled with the vivacity of youth, and certainly at that moment there was little to mark the accumulation of years. His hair was slightly bleached, but the manly dignity of his form was still unimpaired. Mr. Linton became a proselyte to the eloquence of his friend, and consented that he should try his influence with the young beauty. His surprise was great when he returned home, to find her mind already engaged upon the subject; and, when he opened the negotiation, she lent a ready and willing ear.

Mr. Linton communicated to his friend the

favorable intelligence, with the permission to hasten on and make his own impressions. Mr. Merville was too important a man easily to get leave of absence. His name was on various committees; and petitions, signed by many a Harriet, Mary, Eliza, &c., were daily coming in, which he felt bound to denounce or to support. At such a juncture, he could only write at first to the father. By degrees a correspondence was commenced between the parties. Had aught been wanting to confirm the fair Emma in her favorable impressions, these letters would have been sufficient. The flame was kindled and burned brightly. Every newspaper that contained his name was preserved. "Mr. Merville made a motion," "Mr. Merville sat down," "Mr. Merville rose," were all words of magic import; and now and then a speech of four columns in length, to be continued in the next, and concluded in the one after, by Mr. Merville, gave her employment till the next appeared. Emma no longer troubled herself to keep up appearances. Instead of wearing the numerous bouquets that were laid at her shrine, and which often made her resemble "Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane," she left them to fade and die on her dressing-table. The consequence

was that the passion of the innamoratos faded and died with them, and Emma Linton ceased to be a belle. At length, however, the long session was over, and Merville, crowned with honors, and his party triumphant, was speeched, and feasted, through all the principal cities and towns, till he arrived at ———, too late at night to visit the lady of his love. The first notice she received of his vicinity, was through the newspapers, those important agents in the present love affair. It was announced in capital letters, that Mr. Merville the great Senator, the great Speaker, the great Statesman had arrived, and that he had already received an invitation to a public dinner, which he had graciously accepted. Now did Emma's heart flutter, her cheeks glow, as she thought, "This man whom all the world delights to honor is engrossed solely by *me*." She walked before her Psyche glass, scanned her slight and youthful figure, and felt a degree of wonder that any thing so diminutive could set the world in motion.

At an early hour she was prepared to receive the Senator. But he was detained by calls, and shaking of hands, and accepting the homage of half the city.

At length, however, the august moment arriv-

and Mr. Merville was introduced to the elegant and classic apartment of the young lady. Emma was an only daughter, and had the privileges of one. Though Mr. Linton had no great taste for pictures or statues, Emma had cultivated an ardent love of the fine arts. She had collected around her specimens of Italian sculpture; and a Cupid, beautiful as day, surmounted the pillar which rose in the centre of the crimson divan, against which she reclined. On either side were placed upon pedestals an Apollo and a flying Mercury. The walls were ornamented with the finest copies of Raphael's Madonnas, the St. John of Dominichino, the Magdalen of Guido. The furniture was in the simplest style of Grecian beauty; *tabourets* and divans, and the slight modern cane chair, that looks as if it was hardly made to support one of mortal mould, had excluded the French comfortable *bergère* and *fauteuil.* This apartment, so beautifully arranged, was exclusively her own, and was reflected on every side by superb mirrors, which produced the effect of a suite of rooms. It was an agitating moment to its youthful mistress when the great Merville entered,—*great*, we regret to say, in more senses than one. "The waving line of beauty" has long been cele-

brated, but it seems difficult to define when brought into real life. Fanny Kemble we think illustrated it, who never stood erect, but bent like a graceful sapling with every emotion of her mind. If it means merely a *curve*, Merville illustrated it, for time often gives a surprising rotundity to the figure. Emma had been too much engrossed in her worship of talent to ask a description of the temple which enshrined it, or she would have learned that he was what we Yankees call a *portly* man, with a comfortable share of the bones and sinews of old Kentucky.

Emma had placed one of the light cane chairs near the divan, on which she meant to give audience; thinking it would be a convenient seat for her lover. Even the elephant is guided by instinct or reason, and refuses to cross a bridge that may totter and sink under him; how much more a man of talents would avoid such a snare. Merville had real good sense, and none of the affectation that belongs to a little mind. He paid his respects to Emma in a manly and graceful manner, and, as he considered the cane chair wholly out of the question, he took a seat on the small circular divan upon which she was sitting. This was unfavorable for first impressions,

it brought them nearly back to back, reflected from the magnificent mirrors, and the light and graceful Cupid with his bow bent, rising above them, and ready to take aim. It however was only a first meeting, and it was of short continuance, for Merville was a public man and had many engagements on hand. Perhaps he was too wise to make a long visit. His allusions were tender and respectful, as to the object for which he came, and yet not so pointed as to alarm the fair one. She felt that he still considered her the mistress of her own destiny. When he took leave, she watched his retreating form in the mirror opposite, and as the door closed her beautiful head drooped, and she burst into tears.

At that critical moment the door was again gently opened, and Merville appeared; he had left one of his gloves, and returned for it. What a spectacle for a lover,—his fair mistress, after the first triumph of a meeting, half suffocated by sobs, and bathed in tears!

His quick and comprehensive mind at once caught the meaning of her distress, and he determined to let his engagements wait and set her heart at rest.

"My dear Miss Linton," said he (he had been used to addressing her thus in his letters), "why

this agitation, this causeless distress? You have incurred no responsibility, you are entirely your own mistress; whatever encouragement or hope I may have cherished, has been the result of my own sanguine wishes. This excursion, without so powerful a motive, would have been desirable to me. Much as I had heard of your beauty and sweetness, and truly as I read your mind in the letters I have received, I do not hesitate to say, that the reality far transcends my expectations. I feel that it was presumption in me to expect to win youth and beauty. Recover your cheerfulness and put me wholly out of the question; consider me only as the friend of your father."

The soothing tones of his voice, his manner so tender and respectful, at once produced the desired effect; her tears ceased, and by degrees furtive smiles dimpled her cheeks. Their conversation grew more interesting, yet that odious divan! There was but one way of settling it; Emma arose and seated her slight figure in the slight chair, and then they could talk face to face. Merville gained wonderfully by this arrangement. There is no old age to intellect,—it diffuses over the countenance the animation and brightness of youth. Emma saw all her

dreams realized. Whether the little Cupid actually drew his bow or not, it is difficult to say but, before they parted, another appointment was made for the evening, and, when he a second time disappeared, the mirror reflected to her eye 'a port like Jove." Mr. Merville had no time to lose, and their engagement was soon settled and announced. Strange as it may seem, Emma was deeply in love; and we verily believe, if she had heard all the spiteful things said about their difference of age, it would not have given her a moment's uneasiness. Some tried to make it out a mercenary match on her side; but, as she had rather more wealth in expectation, than Mr. Merville in possession this did not go well. They next endeavoured to prove that it was for an *establishment* she was forming the connexion, to be mistress of a house and of a carriage; but all this she enjoyed under her parent's roof. Finally, they contented themselves by saying, "she had thrown herself away;" a conclusion that settles all difficulties, and is a wonderful cordial to the ill-natured.

In a few weeks Mr. Merville led his young bride to the altar. He was the happiest of husbands, Emma the happiest of wives, and Mr Linton the happiest of fathers; but there was

one quiet, unobtrusive being, that we cannot rank among the happy, and this was Mrs. Linton, the tender mother of Emma. She was neither talented, nor gifted, but her heart was true to nature; she had from the first been averse to the match, and ventured to remonstrate against it. Emma listened respectfully to her objections they were entirely based upon the difference of years. "How is it possible," said she, "that the young and the old can assimilate? Your husband will soon want quiet, and retirement, while you are yet sighing for gayety and amusement." "Never, mother," said Emma, and she fully believed what she said. "His pursuits will always be mine; there is a perfect assimilation of mind, and time has no power over intellect." "And yet," said Mrs. Linton, "I have known such disproportioned matches end unhappily, and what you call intellect crumble away before old age." "Then it ceases to be intellect," said Emma, triumphantly, "and cannot apply to our subject. We are all liable to the casualties of life; I too may become an invalid, but we can only provide for the present." Mrs. Linton was always silenced by Emma's ready wit, she ceased to oppose, and, when she parted from her beloved and only daughter, made every effort to suppress her rising tears.

Emma repaired to the pleasant mansion of her husband, and for three whole months was the happiest of human beings, though far away from her parents and early companions, and comparatively among strangers. The intellect and talent, to which she paid homage, were devotedly hers. Her husband suffered the wheels of government to revolve as they might; it mattered little to him which part was up, or which down. His beautiful bride absorbed all his thoughts. He accommodated himself to her youth, her fancies, and even her whims. They had promised a distinguished artist to sit for their pictures, and Emma insisted that they should both be put on the same canvass. Merville's good judgment led him to oppose this fancy, but the young wife would not be contradicted. Notwithstanding the skill of the painter, the contrast of age was strikingly preserved. Emma was unpleasantly affected by it, and she protested they were neither of them likenesses.

Hitherto Mr. Merville's world of politics had gone smoothly on; but who expects stability in our new hemisphere? Electioneering times were drawing near, and the husband began to arouse from his slumber. His brow was sometimes thoughtful, and Emma grew anxious lest he

loved her less. She had a modest and painful consciousness of intellectual inferiority compared with him, which sometimes disquieted her. Her husband was in the habit of calming these solicitudes by assuring her how much beyond compare were her native and intuitive perceptions, to any dull acquisitions of his own. Her genius and taste were amply and justly alleged, and always with feeling and eloquence. But this could not last in electioneering times. Merville was a determined politician, and whigs and democrats were in motion. One evening the petted wife actually found herself alone in her drawing-room. The French clock struck nine and he did not arrive; she tried to read, she walked the room, she rang the bell, she poked the fire, and whiled away another hour. At length the clock struck the deep, funereal notes of ten. At that moment he entered, and found his beautiful Emma in tears.

"What is the matter with you, my dearest," said he tenderly, "no bad news, I hope, from our dear father or mother?" It must be confessed he had the affectation of calling his early friends by their parental titles. Emma shook her head. "What then has happened?"

"Where have you been all the evening?" said she, with a rising sob.

"To a caucus, my love," replied he.

"Promise me, then," said she, throwing herself into his arms, "that you will never go to another.'"

It was easy for him to restore Emma's serenity for that time. But, alas! caucus after caucus followed; his whole time became engrossed. He was the leading man of his party, and the very popularity that had won her heart, now made her wretchedness. The chosen friends of her husband were politicians and of his own age. He urged her to invite friends to her house, and to visit; but he was always too much engaged to be with her. At length, he proposed her making her parents a visit, and promised to hasten to her the first moment of leisure. Emma received this proposal as a wish to be relieved from the little restraint her society imposed upon him, and made her preparations with the air of a martyr. His engrossment did not prevent his attending to every proper arrangement for the journey of his wife. Her father joyfully welcomed her, talked of the popularity and success of her husband, of his high standing among his constituents, and congratulated her on having chosen so wisely. The mother's eye soon detected a cloud on the fair you

brow; and, when Emma seated herself on a low cricket by her side, Mrs. Linton did not repress the confidence that was trembling on her lips.

"O mother," said she, "all you predicted has arrived. I am interested in nothing, I enjoy nothing, I have no society, I am alone in the world. My husband has become indifferent to me."

"You shock me," said Mrs. Linton.

"Indeed, mother, it is too true; but little more than three months after we were married, his alienation began."

"My dear child, Mr. Merville is a man of honor and principle; I fear your conduct has been injudicious."

"I have been the most devoted of wives," replied Emma; "I wanted no other society than his. Only three months after we were married, he left me for" ——

"My child," interrupted the mother, "beware of suspicion, and do not expose any faults you may have accidentally discovered."

"Surely I may speak to my own mother," replied Emma. "Three months after we were married, he left me a whole evening entirely alone, and I discovered that it was for nothing but a caucus!"

"I am rejoiced," said Mrs. Linton, smiling, "that it was for nothing but that. But now do tell me, Emma, why you married Mr. Merville?"

"You know, mother, it was for his talents; they first secured my affection."

"Then he has lost his talents; he is no longer an honor to his country?"

"Indeed, you are mistaken," said Emma, warmly; "he is more popular than ever."

"Then it is *you* that have changed; you love him no longer for what first won your affection. Had he grown indifferent to the public good, and passed his time in attendance upon you, you might have justly complained that you had thrown yourself away upon an imaginary greatness."

Emma had good sense enough to feel that her mother's representations were just, and she only added, "Well, great talents are for the world, not for domestic life." Yet when her friends thronged to see her and all spoke of her husband, she felt her former enthusiasm revive. Week after week she expected him, but he delinquent did not arrive; and at length he wrote to her, that he was so much occupied, that it would be impossible for him to come for her till a certain day of the month, when

the electioneering would be over. The letter was written in the hurry of occupation, and under darker views of his political horizon than had yet taken place. His wife imagined there was a peculiar coldness about it, and she became quite wretched, and announced her intention of immediately returning. There is a restlessness in unhappiness, that will not allow the subject to wait patiently for the unravelling of events. Emma, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her parents, who did not understand the state of her feelings, actually took passage in the stagecoach, and arrived at her own door just at night, after two days of rapid journeying. She hastened to her room; it was cold and cheerless. The servants were surprised to see her, and she almost regretted that she had come back. She would not unpack her trunks, but seated herself on one of them, thinking bitter thoughts.

"How soon will your master probably be at home?" said she to one of the servants.

"Early to-night, madam," said he; 'he has a party of gentlemen to sup."

"No wonder," thought Emma, clasping her hands in a theatrical style, "that he could not come for me, that he does not wish me back!

I will no longer blight his prospects; I will return, for ever, to my parents." She seated herself at her writing-table to pen a farewell epistle to her faithless husband.

In the mean time, he returned just in season to receive his friends, and did not learn till the late hour of their departure, that she had arrived. The servant then put a letter into his hands, with the information; but added, that Mrs. Merville was very much fatigued, had retired for the night, and requested not to be disturbed

Mr. Merville opened the letter with real anxiety, and with the intention of at least watching by the bedside of the invalid, after he had ascertained the cause of her sudden return, which he presumed the letter would explain.

"To Mr. Merville.

"Where the feeling of affection exists no more, it is useless to recriminate; it neither suits the dignity of your character, nor the forbearance of mine. I should think it my duty to continue to endure indifference and neglect, did I not feel, that, in returning to my father's roof, I relieve you from a responsibility, that, with your sense of justice, must weigh heavily upon your conscience. Your time will now be whol

ly your own; and you may devote it to the public weal, or to *such convivial pleasures* as have been the occupation of this evening. It would have been generous in you not to have awakened me so early from my dream of happiness, which for a very few months seemed to me a blessed reality of all I had ever hoped to enjoy. The painful lesson I have received of my own insignificance, is one that no doubt I required. We measure ourselves by those around us and, brought up as I have been, I had but little to lower my self-esteem. Though we part, it is still my earnest wish to bear your name. It is an honor to myself and to my family.

"EMMA MERVILLE."

Twice the husband read the letter without comprehending the tenor of it. He then directed her waiting-maid to go to her with a message; but the girl said the door was locked, and, as no answer was returned, her lady must be asleep. Upon further inquiry, he found she had made arrangements to set off early in the morning. Again Merville read the letter, and not, as before, with a total unconsciousness of its meaning. His own quick intellect supplied the explanation she had withheld, and a generous tear

bedewed his eye. "She is but a child," thought he; "a lamb that I took from the fold; I placed her in the green pasture by the flowing brook, but I ought to have carried her in my bosom." He thought over her youth and her beauty, and some humiliating contrasts rose to his mind as to his own claims. He felt that her happiness ought to have been his first care, and when, after giving orders to his servant, he threw himself upon his bed, it was in the spirit of confession and contrition

In the mean time, Emma passed a restless night; she sometimes regretted that she had thus sealed her own destiny, but an heroic feeling, that she had relieved her husband from a burden, supported her resolution. Before the dawn of day she was ready for her departure. It was a cold, cheerless morning, not a star in the sky, and still so dark that not an object could be discerned.

Poor Emma hurried to the room where the portraits hung; it was not to look at her own, radiant with happiness, but to take a last view of her husband's, by a glimmering lamp. She wondered she had not thought it a likeness; there was his high broad forehead, his dark piercing eye, beaming upon her with a tender-

ness that she should never see again. Her tears fell in torrents. The servant came to say that the carriage was at the door. Placing her handkerchief to her eyes she left the apartment; and, with a feeling of despair, as if she cared not who witnessed her sorrow, ascended the steps of the carriage, and with a convulsive sob, threw herself back, — not on the seat, but into her husband's arms! Fondly and tenderly he pressed her to his bosom. "Could you think, my Emma," said he, "that I would let you a second time leave me? Where thou goest, I will go too."

He had secretly countermanded her orders the night before, and they travelled alone in the carriage. Never had the powers of Melville's mind been so fully called forth; not as a statesman or a politician, but as a husband, lover, and friend, blending with all a tenderness almost parental. No allusion was made to the heroic epistle, and Emma hoped he had not received it.

Two days of travel, devoted to conversation, passed rapidly away. Melville had the happy art of mingling useful reflection with information. His mind was stored with experience, and many a little narrative called forth her sym

pathy. As they entered the city and drew near to her father's, Emma faintly whispered, "Am I now in a dream, or have I awoke from a miserable one, to happiness?"

"We have both awoke," said he; "God grant we may dream no more!"

They were received with great delight by the parents, though they were much surprised at Emma's speedy return. Merville had always entertained an instinctive feeling that Mrs. Linton was opposed to their marriage; and, though he had treated her with *filial respect*, there was less of warm-hearted confidence than he had evinced for her husband. He now, however, took an early opportunity to request a private conference, and candidly communicated to her all that had passed. "Henceforth," said he, "Emma shall have no reason to complain of neglect, neither shall you find any maternal anxieties you may have felt, arising from the difference of our ages, fulfilled."

"I have always thought," said Mrs. Linton, good-humoredly, "and still think, notwithstanding Emma's griefs, that hers bids fair to be among the few happy matches. But my sentiments are not changed; and, if I were ever to write a dissertation, it would be against such alliances."

"It would do no good, my dear madam," replied he; "as long as there are human motives and sympathies, such alliances will take place. Rather turn your attention towards mitigating any evils that may arise from them."

Emma remained a week at her father's, and still her husband said nothing of returning; at length she proposed it herself, and he at once consented. On their journey home the reconciliation was so perfect, that Emma did not hesitate to discuss her grievances. The shock she received on her arrival, at finding preparations for a supper party, was alluded to, and she learned with some confusion, that it was the regular meeting of a club of Merville's ancient compeers.

From this time the aspect of things seemed to have changed. Emma began to *dabble* a little in politics, and assisted in writing votes for distribution. Just as she had made up her mind to become a *real politician*, the election took place, and the opposite party obtained the victory. Perhaps Merville bore this disappointment with more philosophy from his new views of domestic duty; and, when a second Emma came to brighten his existence and awaken parental affection, nothing of *political party* mingled

with his love for his country; but, with his earnest desire for its prosperity and happiness was united general philanthropy towards his fellow-citizens. Emma realized more of her dreams of happiness, than perhaps belongs to the lot of most of her sex, and always professed herself a warm advocate for *disparity of age* in a matrimonial connection; not, however, exceeding thirty-five years, exactly the difference between her husband's and her own. "Such matches," she said, "were the happiest in the world when *they were real love matches.*"

TO * * * * *,

THE GENIUS OF PLAINTIVE MUSIC.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

When Eol's finger strikes the string,
It yields a wild and wailing tone,—
But, like a night bird's whistling wing,
It seems a thing of sound alone.

The wooing dove, the lapsing rill,
The waves that faint on ocean's shore,
Can make the ear with pleasure thrill,
But all their art can do no more.

The notes of yonder breathing flute,
Soft as the voice of one above,
Would leave the unanswering bosom mute,
If fancy linked it not with love.

The spirit harp within the breast
A spirit's touch alone can feel,
Yet thine the power to wake its rest,
And all its melody reveal.

Yes,—and thy minstrel art the while,
Can blend the tones of weal and woe,
So archly, that the heart may smile,
Though bright, unbidden tear-drops flow.

And thus thy wizzard skill can weave
  Music's soft twilight o'er the breast,
As mingling day and night, at eve,
  Robe the far purpling hills for rest.

Thy voice is treasured in my soul,
  And echoing memory shall prolong
Those woman tones, whose sweet control
  Melts joy and sorrow into song.

The tinted sea-shell, borne away
  Far from the ocean's pebbly shore,
Still loves to hum the choral lay,
  The whispering mermaid taught of yore

The hollow cave, that once hath known
  Echo's lone voice, can ne'er forget,
But gives, though parting years have flown,
  The wild responsive cadence yet.

So shall thy plaintive melody,
  Undying, linger in my heart,
Till the last string of memory,
  By death's chill finger struck, shall part.

THE MANTILLA.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

She gathered it about her, and stepped forth
In her rich robe, upon the balcony, —
And her foot trembled as it touched the flowers
That clustered round her sandals. Mirrors saw
No lovelier image on their surface shrined,
Than she, who, through the still, dark water, looked
Up to her darker eyes, and midnight hair,
As they spoke from that cold intensity.

II.

There was a weary lustre in that eye,
As though she had been weeping. Yet no tear
Told you that killing tale of spirit scathed,
Or heart played false to, that white brows so oft
And cloudy eyes proclaim. She knew not these.
She looked and listened from her lattice flowers,
And the slight tracery of that balcony,
As one whose sorrow was but soberness, —
With shade of disappointment mingled so,
As scarce to make vexation, — but to breathe
Over all, face and figure something still,
That looked both expectation and rebuke.

III.

She was a Spanish maid, with Spanish soul,
And it went quickly, every hope or pulse,
From fountain through her frame. She had said all
To gladden by her promises, to one
Whom she held worthy of her golden vows,
Vowed to his own in echo. They oft met
In bower and hall,—until the tale was told,
Of isles and flowers in blue meridian seas,
And homes the fairies envied. She must go!
And she consented.

It was now the night
When he, whose love and honor had entranced
Her young affections till they knew no life
Save for him, and beside him, to her bower
Should come, to lift her to those dreamy isles
That he had sung of in their dreamy hours!

IV.

But he came not. She stood there, gazing out
Under the stars, not wondering, but in fear!
A gem was pendant at her marble neck,
And her hand gloved as for the dashing oar
Should lift her o'er that water. From her head,
And down her shoulder, floated like a cloud
A dim mantilla,—and a rose had fallen
From her bent waist, close to her flashing feet.

* * * * * *

V

He never came again. Nor did *she* glide
Again into the world. But chronicles
Have told of one who for long years did sit
Upon that balcony, — gazing far down
Intently on the water, till she grew
To her own image, or saw others there
That would not let her go.
At last a shriek
Startled one stormy midnight, and a call
For "Mercy!" brake the waters!
She had passed.

THE FATAL CHOICE.

BY MRS. L. K. WELLS.

"Love wound its chain around my heart,
Ambition tore the links apart."

"Knew'st thou with what thou wert parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's
wild flowers."

"No, Albert, I would rather be an eagle, and soar towards the sun, and bathe in his glorious beams, than that poor little robin, whose life you so much admire."

"But, Ellen, the home of the eagle is among barren rocks, and amidst storms and tempests. He may not dwell on the beautiful green earth, or have his ruffled pinions smoothed by the gentle western breeze, nor hear the soft murmuring of waters, nor all the rich melodies that float in the vales alone. He dwells on the lonely mountain; the lightnings of heaven, the dashing of the cataract, and dreary desolation, are about him. Would you choose a home like that?"

CHALON RA

SARGAL

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

"Yes, oh yes! I am weary of this tame and spiritless state of existence. What if the eagle is alone?—do not men toil to reach his retreats, and pry with admiring curiosity into his inaccessible haunts? and do they not look on him with awe and wonder, as he soars among the cloud, and rises above the tempest, as if he were indeed its ruling spirit?—and does not the gaze of admiring crowds follow him as he looks with undazzled eye on the meridian sun, and rises higher and yet higher towards the glorious orb, till he is lost in the dim distance? Give me a destiny like his, and I could bid farewell to all the melodies of lowly life without one pang of regret."

"Ah, Ellen," said Albert, laying his hand on her arm, and looking mournfully on her animated and dazzling beauty, "you were not wont to talk thus. When, together, we planned this little retreat, and placed the rose-bushes around this arbor, and twined the honeysuckle over it, you loved more quiet and simple pleasures. You watched with interest the robin, as she gathered materials for her nest, and you would sit here for hours, with your sewing, listening to the gush of the fountain which sparkles there among the white sand,—to the warbling of the birds, and

the music of the breeze. You looked happy then, and more quiet and gentle, methinks, than now;—why is this change?"

"Because I did not then know myself. I did not know the lofty aspirations of which my soul was capable, or the fount of deep feeling in my heart."

"Ellen," said he, in a voice of reproachful tenderness, "has the heart any part in these aspirations of your spirit? Are you not under the sway of imagination, a dazzling, but cold and bewildering guide?—and forgive me, if I ask, has not ambition been whispering in your ear?"

"Yes," she replied, "I do not hesitate to acknowledge it. I would impress my thoughts upon the minds of others; I would bear sway over human intellect, the most godlike dominion ever bestowed upon man."

"Ellen," said he, in a tone of deep sorrow, "I see the destiny you have chosen; my dreams of happiness have vanished like that purple cloud in the west, which I have watched till it has melted all away; and, for the same reason,—the sunbeams have departed. This, however, I could endure, though you know not, you never can know, how closely with every fibre of my

soul, your image is entwined; yet I could endure to see you sparkling far above me, if you were to be happy. But the time will come, when woman's heart will speak within you. You will weary of fame, and then you will yearn for the voice of calm affection, and your memory will turn to the image of those quiet haunts, as the fainting traveller, in the desert, dreams of the cool, sparkling fountain, in his home among the hills. You know the powers of your intellect and fancy; but, dazzled by ambition, you do not know your heart. You have been nurtured in the midst of tenderness,—an atmosphere of love has been around you from your infancy; the voice of affection has mingled with your earliest dreams, and you know not how necessary it is to your existence. Like the sweet air of heaven, you neither see nor feel it now, but, when it is withdrawn, you will droop and wither. Ellen, you will go far away from me; that haughty stranger, with his burning thoughts and eloquent lip, has won you; but you may not go without knowing how deeply the love, of which I have never yet breathed a word to you, is engraven in my soul.

"Love for you is the first emotion I can recollect; and, even in childhood, there was a ten-

derness, a feeling of protecting kindness in my love for you, which I did not feel for my sisters. How I have lived but for you in later years, you well know. Our walks, our amusements, our books, our conversation,—has it not been but as one soul speaking by two voices? Ellen, I know I am scarcely worthy of you; but that stranger, with all his brilliancy and genius, has not a heart like mine to bestow. That eager look, that impetuous flow of glowing thoughts and images, that haughty air, which makes inferior minds shrink before him, do not veil, as you fondly imagine, deep affections, but a cold heart, awake only to the promptings of ambition. I speak calmly and advisedly. My affection for you is too pure and exalted to admit of jealousy. Think for one moment, before you decide to barter the priceless wealth of your affections with so cold a being;—cannot you yet be happy here as in former years?"

She paused a moment before replying. His lip quivered, and, for an instant, a flush of hope passed over his countenance. At length she answered:

"No, Albert, it is impossible. He has awakened feelings which can never be hushed. I must soar, if it be only to fall;—I must climb

the dizzy steep, even if it be full of hazard. I deeply feel your affection, and the time has been when,—but that is past,—God's blessing be with you, and, with some gentle being with affections warm and devoted as your own, may you yet be happy."

He turned quickly away; for emotions of which manhood is always ashamed, were rising, and burning tears, not for himself, but for her, were starting from his eyes.

Ellen remained for some moments lost in thought. It was the hour of summer twilight; she was in a spot which had been a favorite retreat of her childhood, and, in later years, Albert, guided by her taste, had gathered around it many quiet beauties. Under the shade of three wide-spreading oaks, a rustic alcove, with seats had been formed, a woodbine had been trained over it, and it was so surrounded by roses of every shade, that they had given it the name of "the home of the roses." On the left, just at the foot of a smooth, green hill, a cool, sparkling fountain boiled up in the midst of pure white sand, and became a tiny brook, winding through the valley with so many backward turnings, that one would fancy it loath to leave the quiet spot. On the right, under the shade of two elms, that

gracefully entwined their limbs above it, was her mother's grave. She had died when Ellen was so young that she remembered little of her, except the melodious sweetness of her voice, the subdued expression of her pale face, and the atmosphere of quiet, which seemed to breathe around her. Had she lived, Ellen would, doubtless, have been a very different being. This parent was sensitive and warm in her affections, but she had been chastened by early sorrows. She saw the world as it was, and, while entering, with warm sympathy, into the feelings of others, she was not misled by the false coloring of fancy. Calmness and repose formed the beautiful groundwork of her character, which was delicately shaded with all the quiet virtues. Though Ellen was but six years old when she died, she saw the dangerous gifts of her child, and her last hour was spent in prayer for her, that a "heart, so perilously fashioned," might be shielded, by a Saviour's love, from this world's temptations. She died, and her place was but poorly supplied by an indolent and selfish step-mother, sufficiently indulgent, indeed because she wanted energy to control the impetuous child, but ignorant of her character and capacities. Her father's talents fitted him to be

her friend and guide; but he was too dotingly fond of her to see that she had a fault. Her sisters, too, almost idolized her. They were much older than herself, and, while she was yet a child, all but one left their father's mansion; and she was a sickly, gentle being, and left the bright, playful child to pursue her own fancies.

Albert Carlton was her early playmate; they grew up together, and, as she had no brother, she transferred to him all the affections of a sister. He was four years older than herself; but, as his leisure for reading was limited, compared with hers, the quickness of her intellect fitted her to be the director of his taste and mind. She recommended the books he read, and guided in a great measure the judgments he formed in early youth; but, as he approached manhood, his calm, reflecting mind often corrected the wild vagaries of her fancy. Perhaps there is no tie more near and close, between generous spirits, than the mutual consciousness of conferring and receiving benefits. Ellen felt that his taste had been formed by her influence. With many women, this circumstance would have had little influence. But hers was no common spirit. She loved to feel that she was influencing the minds of others,—that she was looked

up to, with respect and admiration, as well as tenderness. On the other hand, Albert felt a constant care for the ardent, gifted, and impetuous being who honored him with her confidence and affection. He understood her character, and often, with the utmost gentleness, without her suspecting his purpose, corrected her judgment, softened her prejudices, and induced her to relinquish many a wild, impracticable scheme. Yet not a word of love had ever passed between them. It seemed so perfectly natural that they should be much in each other's society, that they had never asked themselves the reason. At least, Ellen had not; though something more deep and tender than a sister's love spoke in the care with which she cherished the flowers he gave her, in her fondness for his favorite tunes, her uneasiness when his absence was protracted, and the bright glow which sent light to her eye and bloom to her cheek, when they met again; but of all this she was wholly unconscious. Perhaps Albert's thoughts took a more tangible form, but he had never embodied them in words.

When Ellen was in her seventeenth year, a stranger, from a distant city, by the name of Beaufort, came to pass a few months in that retired spot, to restore his health, which had been

impaired by close study. He boarded at her father's house, and, for a time, his manner was haughty and reserved. He looked, with an indifference, to which she had been little accustomed, on the rustic beauty, and she in her turn, piqued by his coldness, was too proud to seek his admiration. Albert felt a little unquiet when he first saw the handsome face and commanding mien of the young stranger; but his fears subsided, when he found that his walks, reading, and conversation with Ellen were not interrupted. It was not long, however, before some bursts of eloquence from Beaufort touched an answering chord in Ellen's heart; he marked the flash of intelligence in her fine eye, and a deep interest was awakened. He now sought opportunities of conversing with her, and soon found, that she possessed a glowing fancy, a taste formed after the purest models, strong intellectual powers, and a heart capable of warm and devoted attachment. He now began to look with a dark and suspicious eye on the mild, retiring friend, who engrossed so much of her attention.

"Ellen, said he to her, "how can you devote so much of your time to that rustic?"

"Because I know his worth better than you

do," she replied, with an indignant air; "he has been as a brother to me from my childhood."

"Oh, very well," said Beaufort, with a smile "he may be a very good brother, for aught I know but you are worthy of the society and homage of other minds. With a soul formed to delight in all that is beautiful in nature, in science, and in art, I cannot endure to see you pass your days in such deep seclusion. I long to see you, with all your native loveliness and simplicity, where your powers would be awakened by the society of minds attuned like your own."

The blood mantled in her cheek and brow, and he saw that the poison was infused into her veins. Then, in tones of such eloquence as she had never before listened to, he described the brilliant and intellectual society in which he had mingled, — painted the wonders of art he had seen in his travels, — dwelt with seductive interest on the pleasure attending the consciousness of bearing sway over other minds, and the mere feeling of mental power. She listened, with breathless eagerness; and then he alluded, darkly indeed, but with sufficient distinctness to his own plans and prospects for life; and with an air of proud humility, added, "I know not what I may be; but this I know, I will never

plod contentedly on with the herd of spiritless beings around me."

This conversation infused a new spirit into Ellen; her pursuits appeared grovelling and mean, and his words were constantly ringing in her ears, when she attempted to follow her former occupations. She became thoughtful and pale, and Beaufort's vanity was flattered by the hope that he was the cause. He was interested in her peculiar character, where simplicity, imagination, and intellect were singularly blended. He loved her, too, perhaps, as well as one is capable of loving, when the affections have been made wholly subservient to the intellect.

"Ellen," said he to her one evening, "you look sad, and I do not wonder at it. In this seclusion, where there are so few kindred spirits, your mind must prey upon itself, and retire within its own deep recesses."

"I did not know my own privations or wants," she replied with affected gayety, but in a voice slightly tremulous, "till I saw you. You have awakened the consciousness of powers and of desires, which I would that I had never known. Once I was happy in my duties, happy in my ignorance; now I am doomed to feel a vain thirsting for intellectual pleasures and distinctions I must not hope to reach."

"Must not?" said he, in an inquiring, softened tone; "to-morrow, I leave you, Ellen, to engage again in the exciting bustle of the world. I am striving to rise, — perhaps, to fall; but may I carry with me the assurance that one heart, at least, will watch my struggles with kind interest?" A starting tear was her only answer. "Farewell, then," said he, grasping her hand, and bending his gaze on her as if he would read her thoughts; "if I rise where I hope, it shall be your own fault, loveliest and purest, if you remain pining in hopeless obscurity."

It was on the evening after his departure, that the scene, with which we opened our little narrative, occurred. Albert invited her to walk; and, after some time spent in almost silent rambling, they sought the bower which had been formed by their united taste and skill. They had stood for some moments listening to the evening song of the robin, when Albert said, "If I could be content to part with the high birthright of reason, I would rather be that robin than any thing else."

The conversation that followed blighted the cherished hopes of years. After he left her, Ellen's eye fell on her mother's grave, and the deathbed scene rose before her. One petition

which she remembered as always being repeated in her mother's prayers for her, now rung like a knell in her ears. "Keep her, oh, heavenly Father, from that pride which goeth before destruction, and that haughty spirit which is before a fall." "Oh, my mother, my mother," murmured she, "did you even then see, with a prophetic spirit, the danger of your child? Is it, indeed, for pride, that I have spurned the pure and enduring affection of that gentle being, who would have lived for me alone?" She was softened, and, for a moment, almost resolved to revoke the cruel sentence she had just pronounced. But Beaufort, with all his commanding dignity of manner and seductive eloquence, was before her, and she said, "No, I will not throw away the prize within my grasp, from a foolish, superstitious fear that my ambition may be wrong."

After this time, the two friends seldom saw each other; but each was sensible of a painful void. Ellen, indeed, thought it was nothing more than just the change, the mere deprivation of what she had been so long accustomed to. Albert grew pale and thin, and lost all relish for the pleasures he had once loved, now that she no longer shared them. Yet he never upbraided her; and, when he could show her any little

kindness, he did it with an alacrity, that told how dear her happiness was still to him. There was a touching sadness in his manner, more subduing to a high spirit, like Ellen's, than the most eloquent protestations of regret could have been. She was disquieted and unhappy; and she knew not why; but, whenever her mother's image recurred to her fancy, it seemed to wear a look of reproof and sorrow.

In a few weeks, all these melancholy feelings were banished by a letter from Beaufort, full of hope and exultation. He had entered on the arena of political life; and, at a very early age, was elected, against a powerful opposition, to a seat in Congress. After dwelling, at some length, on the past struggle, he went on to say; "Chosen, as I have been, by the unbought suffrages of freemen, as a guardian of their dearest rights, it will be my first object faithfully to perform my duty to my country. I know not what is before me, but a bright vista now seems opening, and I hope to enrol my name among those whom my country delights to honor. I would not die, and have all perish with me; but would transmit my name, as a talisman, to awaken the memory of all that is generous and self-sacrificing in the love of country. And you, Ellen, I feel that you

nave a spirit in unison with my own, and that your genius is worthy of a place among those, who would not waste all the energies of a deathless mind in the dull routine of daily duties."

All this, and much more of the same character, Ellen read with delightful anticipations, that blinded her to the heartlessness apparent through the whole. She could not, or would not see, that ambition, thinly disguised, indeed, by the veil of patriotism, but still ambition, was the ruling principle, and that domestic happiness had no place in his hopes. She could not resist the temptation of reading the letter to Albert, and asked him, at the close,

"Has he not a noble heart?"

"Do not ask me, Ellen; it is too late. He is highly gifted, no doubt; but, for your sake, I could wish there was less of the feverish excitement of gratified, and yet grasping ambition."

Albert soon found, that he could not remain where every object awakened bitter thoughts After revolving various plans of life, he decided on becoming a physician. "In ministering to the woes of others, and relieving their real distresses, I may," thought he, "lose sight of my imaginary ones, and may, in time, forget 'that the iron has entered into my soul.'"

He left his native village with a determination to return there no more, till Ellen had departed. She now lost sight of him, and only heard, incidentally and at long intervals, that he was distinguished as a scholar, and beloved for his philanthropy. "I wish," she sometimes said to herself, "I could have retained him as a brother and friend; but these men are so grasping, they must be the whole, or they will be nothing."

In two years, Beaufort came to claim her as his bride. His *début* in Congress was most eloquent, and his name resounded from one extremity of the land to the other. Ellen expected to see him with the air of triumph and conscious power in his eye and mein. But, though he was lavish of admiration and brilliant predictions for her, he spoke of weariness and dissatisfaction, and looked forward to the time when a seat in the Senate should release him from some of his present vexations.

It was Sabbath evening; they were to be united in the morning, and immediately to commence a tour through some of the most picturesque parts of the country. Just at sunset, Ellen went alone to her mother's grave, and to that bower, "the home of the roses." It was the same hour, and there was the same purple

cloud, as it seemed, as when she first revealed to Albert the new hopes which were to be, in future, her guiding star. She lingered till the stars of evening appeared, one after another, "like infant births of light." What were her thoughts we know not; but, ere she left that hallowed spot, she knelt upon the grave and breathed, for herself, and for him to whom her destinies were so soon to be united, her mother's prayer. "Keep me, and *him* too, oh my heavenly Father, from that pride which goeth before destruction, and that haughty spirit which is before a fall." But prayer, without effort or watchfulness to avoid temptation, what does it avail with that Being who looks upon the heart?

Pass we over some years. Beaufort has received, one after another, some of the highest offices in his country's gift; but, still restless and unsatisfied, he cries, "Give, give." Harassed, weary, and care-worn, he came to his home to contrive, with his wife, new schemes of ambition, and new methods of circumventing his rivals. And Ellen,—how does her woman's heart bear all this, so foreign to her nature, and to all her previous habits? For a while she entered with eagerness into all his plans and interests. And, in witnessing his success, she fancied her-

self happy. One scene of high excitement followed another, so rapidly, that she had no time to think. She saw her husband caressed and flattered, and beheld inferior minds vainly striving to reach the dazzling height where he stood. The voice of fame rung in her ear, in tones more dear to the heart of woman, than if its rich music had been breathed for her alone. It was for him, who was the object of her pride and devotion, that those seductive strains were breathed, and for him that the incense of flattery rose in intoxicating perfumes. She, too, as united to him, received her full share of homage; and not for that alone; but her beauty and brilliancy, together with the freshness and originality of a vigorous mind, formed in seclusion and from books alone, made her an object of admiration and envy. Her opinions were sought, her influence craved, and her sayings repeated with applause. She proudly felt, that now, indeed, she bore sway over other minds. All her fancy had pictured, all her soaring ambition asked, was now hers. Was she happy? We know not; she never said she was not. But there was, at times, a weariness in her step, and a listlessness in her mien, and a vacant look, as if her thoughts were far away. There were some

simple and touching strains of music to which she could not, or would not, listen.

There was a brilliant festival in Beaufort's splendid home. The elegant, the polished, and the intellectual, of our own and some other lands, were gathered in one dazzling assembly. Ellen was gliding from one gay group to another, the very personification of beauty, dignity, and grace. At her request, a lovely girl, whose very soul seemed to gush out in song, took a seat by the piano, and called out rich tones of harmony, which she accompanied with her voice. Ellen was leaning, enraptured, over her. Suddenly, she struck the notes of "Home, sweet home," while her voice poured forth a strain of melody, so full and sweet, that every sound was hushed through the crowded suite of apartments. Ellen started as if an adder had stung her, and, forgetting every thing but those sounds, so full of anguish to her, she rushed into an adjoining boudoir, and, sinking upon a couch, put her hands upon her ears to shut out the tones. A look of surprise and wonder passed round the circle; but in a few moments she made her appearance, perfectly calm again, and apologized by referring her emotion to some early and peculiar associations.

After some years she became a mother. The infant lived just long enough to stir the deep fountain of a mother's love, and then was snatched away. Deeply and bitterly did she mourn. But her husband was now in the midst of a new scheme, which promised complete success to his party, and he could hardly spare time to shed one tear over the babe, beautiful, even in death Once, indeed, he showed some emotion; when taking the last look of the body, from which the unsullied spirit had departed, he said, in a suppressed voice, "Thou couldst not have had a better time to die, pure as thou wert. Would that I had been taken, like thee, before the dark stains of earth were upon my soul." Ellen now opened her mother's Bible, which she had always kept near her; but a darkness seemed to shroud its pages, once so full of ligh. and hope. Her husband was a skeptic. He had never, indeed, tried to make a proselyte of her; but he was one of those, who must exert a commanding influence over other minds, for good or for evil. She had, insensibly, imbibed his cold and heartless views of the Deity, and could find no consolation from the bright hopes and cheering promises of the Gospel. A midnight gloom now settled down upon her. She shunned

society, and took no interest in her husband's ambitious schemes. For a while he tried to lure her into the gay world again, but in vain. Upbraidings and reproaches, for her want of energy, followed; but, finding it all fruitless, he left her in her desolation, and pursued his path alone. Among all her summer friends, not one knew or cared for the secret of her grief, not one probed the wounded spirit, or shed upon the benighted mind the beams of heavenly hope.

Then she began to feel deep yearnings for the voices of love in her early home. They were with her in her dreams, and she awoke but to feel the vain thirstings of a desolate heart. That early friend, with all his forbearing tenderness, his pure and devoted affection, was before her. Her mother's spirit seemed hovering over her with a look of pitying love. Her father's prayer, which was offered each morning and evening, in lowly guise, before the family altar, when the youngest blossom of their house was always specially remembered, was indelibly impressed on her memory. "Once more," thought she, "could I but hear that prayer once more methinks it would descend like cooling dew on my withered and burning brain. These thoughts and imaginings she revealed to no one. Her

husband would have spurned them as childish folly, and other friend she had not. She hoarded them in the depths of her soul, and brooded over them unceasingly. Hour after hour she would sit by her piano, listlessly running over the keys, and singing snatches of old songs, such as the young girls, in the vicinity of her cottage-home sung when pacing back and forwards at their wheels. Or she would chant the solemn melodies, which she had heard in the simple strains of vocal music, in the unadorned building where she first joined in the public worship of her father's God. By degrees these musical reminiscences of the past changed to yet closer communings with the shadows that now began to seem as realities. When alone, she would converse for hours with these imaginary beings; and then the treasured memories of years, and deep, burning, consuming thoughts she would scatter to the idle winds. For a while she indulged, voluntarily, in this spiritual converse, conscious that the forms existed in her own fancy alone. But as reason's lamp glimmered yet more and more dimly through the mists, she lost the power of distinguishing illusions from realities.

It was after a closely contested choice, when Beaufort had at last succeeded in obtaining what

he had long desired, an appointment to a distinguished foreign court, that he returned, at a late hour. As he walked slowly homewards, he thought with unwonted tenderness of his once gay and beautiful, but now heart-stricken wife. "This voyage and change of scene will, I trust, restore her to her former self; and I will exert myself more, now that I have leisure, to awaken harmony in the shattered chords of her soul. Hers was an exquisitely strung spirit. I fear I have neglected her." When he entered the chamber, he was surprised to find her still watching. She was sitting in a large easy-chair, in which her emaciated form seemed almost buried. She was robed in a loose night-dress, and her rich, brown hair fell in a dishevelled mass upon her shoulders. Her eyes were fixed on vacancy, and her lips moved rapidly. He entered and stood by her side, but she did not see him. Her voice soon rose to an audible whisper, and he could distinguish the words, "Mother, Isabel, why don't you speak to me? — why do you look so silently on me with your 'cold, bright eyes'? — Speak and tell me of that land of rest, where I long to be with you. Ha! why did they say you were dead, — now you are here, — come 't is almost sunset; we will go to 'the home of the roses,' —

there is a cloud, a purple cloud, they say,"—and her voice sunk so as to be inaudible. Beaufort shook in every nerve; and, at that moment, when viewing the fearful wreck of an immortal mind, what to him was fame, or all the success that had followed his footsteps?

"Ellen," said he, at last, tenderly taking her hand, which was so cold that he shuddered, "you are not well to night. Had you not better try to sleep?"

"Well? oh yes, never better," bursting into a wild laugh; "only 't is so strange they won't speak to me, and there they have been these two hours; nor walk with me, either, when my head is burning so, and the sweet dews of heaven would cool it. Come, you will go with me, and bathe my brow in that cool, boiling spring; oh, how pure it looks, and how the bright sand sparkles round it; there we will rest, in that shaded bower. Albert is there already; he told me I was ambitious, once; but I am humble, oh, very humble now, and I would that gentle sister Isabel would come and sing me to sleep,"—and a passionate burst of tears relieved, for a few moments, the fire in her brain.

The morrow brought no change for the better but wilder fantasies hovered around her, and

shouts of wild mirth rung from her lonely chamber.

It was necessary that Beaufort should depart for his destined station; and, after a severe struggle with his pride, he decided on placing his wife in a private hospital for the insane. When they arrived, his first inquiry was for the attending physician; when a noble looking man, with an intellectual and most benignant countenance, entered the room. Something in the expression of his countenance perplexed Beaufort; some long-forgotten memories haunted him, and, when the physician spoke, he was confident that he had heard the full and rich, though mild, tones of that voice before. After mentioning, in brief and sternly calm and cold terms, his sad errand, he announced his name. The physician started and bent his placid eye, with an incredulous and sorrowful gaze, upon him, for a moment, before giving his own. When he said, "Doctor Albert Carlton," in a slow, firm voice, Beaufort started in his turn. After passing his hand, with a troubled look, across his brow, he said,

"I believe I recollect you, Sir; you were the early friend of my poor Ellen," and, as fancy pictured her as she once was, his voice faltered. Carlton bowed assent, for his heart was too full

for words. "I rejoice," continued Beaufort, "to consign her to the care of one so worthy. She told me once, you had been as a brother to her, from her childhood; — be a brother still, and may success crown your benevolent efforts." He then abruptly departed, leaving Carlton standing like a statue.

We shall not attempt to describe the overwhelming tide of memory and thought which swept over his soul in those few brief moments. At length, clasping his hands, and looking upward, he whispered, "Thou God of the immortal spirit, who alone canst restore it to harmony and peace, bless my efforts; for, without thy blessing, they will avail nothing."

* * * * *

It is a winter evening, and, in a neat, but plainly-furnished parlour, Doctor Carlton is seated before a cheerful grate, deeply engaged in writing. On one side is a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, still young, but with that look of thoughtful tenderness, which tells, at once, that she is a wife and a mother. While busily plying her needle, her eyes occasionally wander from her work, to dwell, for a moment, now on a rosy infant, asleep in the cradle by her side, and now with a glance of deep and pure affection on the

benignant countenance of her husband. On the other side, is a female, pale and thin, but with the traces of beauty on her wasted face. Her expression is sad, but subdued and calm. She is reading a worn volume, whose contents seem to absorb her whole soul. Various emotions flit across that speaking face, till, laying her finger emphatically on the page she had been reading, she looked up with a radiant smile, saying, in a low, sweet tone, "Albert." It was Ellen, — healed, and in her right mind. The volume she held was her mother's Bible, and her spirit, chastened, humbled, and peaceful, was sitting "at the feet of Jesus." "Albert," she repeated, as he looked silently, but with deep emotion, on the heavenly serenity that beamed from her tranquil eye, "here is a passage I have never seen before. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for *I am meek and lowly* in heart, and ye shall find *rest to your souls*.' How beautiful, how cheering, how full of hope!" she added, in a low voice, while a tear stole silently down her cheek. "It is all I want, — rest — not for the body merely, — though how sweet is rest to the weary frame; but this is *rest to the soul*. How sweet the assur

ance to my weary, tempest-tost spirit. Albert you have been the physician, not of my body merely, but of my immortal soul. You have led me to the Heavenly Physician, and applied the Balm of Gilead to my wounded heart. You have pointed me to him who laid down his life for his friends, and left, as his last legacy, *peace*, — *his own peace*, not such as the world gives, but a peace deep and unbroken, reaching beyond time and constituting the bliss of eternity."

LIFE.

A cl- n o'ershades each human lot
A mist enwraps each path of pain;
To solve the mystery of life,
Let each wild dreamer seek in vain·
A fitful, fleeting joy we grasp,
A lightning glance, a meteor flame,
We toil for gold, we strive for power,
We sigh for love, we reverence fame.

And some in Pleasure's mazes tread·
But all in vain each human art;
The poison lingers in each cup,
The skeleton in every heart!
Some mocking light allures our steps
O'er moor and fen, in giddy dance;
Forward we press, the phantom flies,
Receding still as we advance.

Wearied and worn, we pause awhile,
Then watch some new illusion's glare;
Again we hope, again we grieve,
Our spectre glory melts in air!
Some, like the far-famed queen of old,
Their pearly treasures offer up,
And joys, which should a lifetime fill,
Are quaffed in one delicious cup;

Life has no further boon to give,
In apathy their days glide by,
Their tideless hearts, and aspect calm,
Boldly each turn of fate defy;
Some wretched hearts their anguish veil,
Their fierce despair they fain would hide,
Each vanished hope, and dream conceal,
Beneath the iron mask of pride.

A cloud o'ershades each mortal's lot,
A mist enshrines each path of pain;
To solve the mystery of life,
Yet each wild dreamer seek in vain,
Ever a firm, unwavering trust
In the most High's divine behest
The only steadfast rock is found,
On which our trembling hearts to rest.

E A

LINES SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

—

The picture represents the beautiful La Vallière, in her retirement at the convent of the Carmelites; and under it are inscribed the words once uttered by her in reply to the interrogatory of a friend, — "*Not happy, but content.*"

—

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

How calmly beautiful
The pencilled scene! It is the evening hour, —
The golden close of an autumnal day.
Seen through yon time-worn arch, the parting sun
Rests like a weary hunter on the brow
Of the far western hills, — and there lingering,
To mark the silent flight of his last arrow
Through the liquid air.

Through the tall Gothic casement pours a flood
Of golden glory, streaming o'er the walls,
The marble pavement, and the vaulted roof;
While in the far-perspective waving woods,
Vineyards, and fields, and trellised cottages
Are brightly tinged with the rich sunset glow,
And autumn casts her mellow tints o'er all,
Deepening the beauty of the quiet scene.

The hour, the season, breathe of calm decay,
Of life's brief splendor and approaching gloom,
And touchingly accord with that sweet form
Of fading loveliness, so calm and pale.
It seemeth some fair statue there enshrined,
The brow of marble beauty, raised to heaven,
Is smooth and peaceful as the unclouded front
Of sleeping innocence; yet sober thought,
Full of sweet sadness, there asserts her reign,
While the dark eye, once eloquent of love,
And fraught with human sympathies, now seems
But the calm mirror of that tranquil heaven
On which its rapt gaze lingers.

Did st thou find,
Sweet sufferer, within those hallowed walls,
That heavenly peace which the world cannot give?
And did'st thou, through thy solitary hours,
Feel that support which those can never know
Who cling to broken reeds, and bow before
The self-created idols of the heart?
Did thy fond fancy never lead thee back
To vanished hours, and pleasures long gone by; —
Nor memory linger round those dazzling halls
Of regal splendor, where thy dawning charms,
Thy dreamlike beauty, and unconscious grace
Enthralled a monarch's heart, and shone awhile
The light of courts, a nation's cynosure?

Could that fond heart
Its early dream forget, — its dream of love?
Ah when did woman e'er that dream forget?

Man's love lives but with hope; while woman's heart
Still echoes to the music of the past; —
And never heart was formed more prone than thine
To the impulsive, trustful tenderness
Of innocence and youth; — its thrilling chords
Responded to the burning breath of love,
With all the sweet, wild, mournful harmony
Which passion wakens in the youthful breast,
Ere the rude hand of stern reality,
And all the earth-born interests of life,
Have marred its music, and its chords unstrung!

Ay, thou hast loved as woman only loves, —
A love all sacrifice and suffering; a star
That gathers lustre from the gloom of night;
A martyr's fond idolatry, a faith
Baptized in tears, to sorrow consecrate
And still one liquid gem, unmarked before,
Seems trembling on that pale and faded cheek;
As if some dream of other days had thrown
A passing shadow o'er thy thoughts, and dimmed
Heaven's image, pictured on their peaceful stream.
Yet all seems tranquil now, and that warm trace
Of recent sorrow lends a touching charm
To the deep sanctity and holy rest
That breathe o'er all thy beauty, and bespeak
A heart resigned, — "*not happy, but content;*" —
A heart, that, like the Dove, long sought its rest
In vain o'er earth's wide waters, — till, at last,
Wearied and faint, it wings its homeward way,
And folds its pinions in the ark of peace.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM."

Thou lonely stream! thou lonely stream!
Beneath the twilight's dying gleam,
Art thou, when busy feet are gone,
Still flowing on, still flowing on?
Thy murmuring song
Dost thou prolong
Beneath the awful midnight skies,
While 'mid the trees
The folded breeze
In slumber lies, — in slumber lies?

Yes! murmuring stream! and far away
The dweller on thy banks must stray;
But thou wilt heed not who is gone,
Still flowing on, — still flowing on:
But oh! mine ear
Those murmurs dear
In distant lands shall ne'er forget!
Though I depart
Mine aching heart
Shall hear thee yet, — shall hear thee yet!

And shall my stream of life then cease,
Lost in the shadowy Land of Peace,
While thou through forest, dell, and lawn,
Art flowing on, — still flowing on?
Where young trees cast
Their shadows fast,
Beside thee dies the aged pine;
And the whole span
Of pilgrim man
Is less than thine, — is less than thine!

PHRENOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Gentle reader, art thou a Phrenologist? If so, we will indulge in a few harmless lucubrations.

We will, if you please, enter this place of public resort, because, if I mistake not, there is a school kept hard by, and soon the door will fly open, and out will burst a little host of future legislators, embryo judges, incipient divines, and unfledged orators and statesmen.

Stand one side. Hurrah! — out they come. Now mark; did you ever see such a set of heads? What facial angles! what breadth, height, and compass of brain! Observe their temperaments too. None of your little, puny, pale-faced children of the aristocracy, looking like the relics of humanity; but firm, athletic, vigorous young republicans, half able, even now, to cope with the venerable and musty sticklers for preëminence, and ancient usages in the tottering fabrics of other lands. Mark

the clear, brilliant eye looking as if a very volcano of thought and passion were slumbering beneath. Address them, and ten to one, some sturdy young democrat will read you a lecture upon the rights and privileges of boyhood, worthy of a Jefferson.

Does any one believe the mothers of boys like these, are weak, nervous, unthinking fashionables? No, it is contrary to the very laws of our being. They are strong-minded, strong-hearted, rational matrons, worthy to be the country women of Mary, the mother of Washington, — worthy to be called American wives, American mothers. Of the fathers we will say nothing now. It is the mother that stamps the character of the future man. She gives the boy the bias to good or ill, — makes him the hero, philosopher, or statesman. It is she who makes him the upright, virtuous citizen, the supporter of the laws of his country, and the upholder of its institutions, or the degraded and depraved outcast, on whom the stern arm of justice executes her severest penalties.

She may be unconscious of all this, but it is no less the fact. Her child will inherit hers, rather than its father's intellectual organization; and it is the tones of *her* voice, *her* teachings

by its infant bed, *her* language and daily demeanor, that are stamping its character, and making the hereafter good or bad man. If she knows all this, and is faithless to her trust, who shall depict the guilt and woe that may ensue? Nature, as well as religion, cry shame upon such a mother.

But we are straying. Let us stand by in this recess, and mark the boys as they divide themselves into groups. Do you see that boy in the centre of half a dozen others, all of whom are talking with great vehemence, while he is entirely calm? There, I am glad of that, he has taken off his hat, and we can see his head distinctly. What a calm, intellectual brow! He is rather pale too, — a young student. But mark the preponderance of the intellectual over the animal region. He will through life sway the intellects, but never the passions of men. He speaks now, and his voice is low, and very sweet; the boys are perfectly quiet about him. There has been some juvenile litigation amongst them, and they have chosen him umpire; and they will abide by his decision too.

He has given his award now, and, I dare say, it is worthy of a Hale. You see the boys are perfectly satisfied with the propriety of his

decision, and are dispersing. That boy, I doubt not, will one day sit in the place, once occupied by Chief Justice Marshall, unless he be overtaxed in youth, and thus fall a victim to his precocity.

There comes a young leader, swinging his cap, and hurrahing at the top of his lungs, followed by a score of boys, all as eager as himself, about to engage, I warrant, in some trial of strength or skill. You see those boys are all smart, all active, but yet how naturally they move off in the wake of that young champion. What a Napoleon head is there! What power in the animal region! and how nobly balanced by the broad, intellectual forehead! That boy is made to command armies, and to sway popular assemblies. He will rule, let him be where he will. People will bow before him as by an instinct they cannot resist.

What are those boys collecting about that rich, crusty old gentleman's door-way for? They are in close consultation, and, if I mistake not, he has more than once rated them soundly for making so much noise about his premises. Hurrah! there it goes, three cheers for Mr. ——, and they are off in a giffy. Out comes the old gentleman, his face red with wrath, shaking his head, and

denouncing vengeance upon every soul of them He looks up and down the street, — not a boy is to be seen. There, a roguish, chuckling face has just peered round the corner, and is off like a flash. He gives chase. The boys have been round the square, and, in the absence of the owner have repeated the cheers at his door, and now turn up another avenue. They will not dare repeat the experiment, and the irritated, baffled old man goes in, breathless and mortified, ruminating plans of revenge.

Here is a group of miniature politicians, deep in the mysteries of party. They gesticulate as much as their fathers, and are ten times more in earnest. They are of opposite parties too, and some heat has been elicited, for combativeness is pretty actively excited. Hard names have been exchanged, and both leaders (you can easily distinguish them) are quite red in the face. Yes there are blows, and their voices grow loud. "Call me Tory, will you? I won't stand that, — the Tories helped the British, and were against our independence." "Then don't call me Hartford Conventioner, — nobody shall do that."

There, will not those boys understand the principles of our government? Will they not at

some day be nobly capable of exercising the elective franchise? Suppose they be a little intemperate in their discussions, it is infinitely better than the dull, cold apathy of a despotism.

Our boys have a most sovereign contempt for what we call aristocracy. Even the boys of the silly things in our land, who try to affect the airs of that class, will do nothing of themselves to sustain such pretensions, except as it is drilled into them by perpetual talking and coercion. The boy has everywhere a glorious contempt for *caste*. He naturally chooses the brightest and smartest boys for companions, let them be found where they may.

I recollect in a neighbouring city the boys at one time were divided into two classes, distinguished by the names of the "upper-enders," and "lower-enders," and much bickering and ill-blood ensued. The upper-enders were the sons of the wealthier citizens, and the lower-enders, of the middling class.

Never did one boy meet another of the opposite faction without bristling up and looking defiance, or skulking to the other side of the street, according to the strength of his nerves age, &c Things remained in this condition

apparently, for some time; though a close observer might have detected symptoms indicative of an approaching crisis. The lower-enders began to bandy contemptuous terms; sometimes "stumped" the upper-enders to fight, — talked of gloves, soft hands, and white faces. The upper-enders grew exasperated, tried to look fierce, and at length, screwing their courage to the sticking-point, actually challenged their opponents to combat. The call was obeyed with alacrity. Never did mail-clad champions of the olden time thirst more eagerly to distinguish themselves in military prowess, than did these doughty heroes of a dozen years, to signalize themselves in the war of the upper-enders and lower-enders.

It was a bright moonlight evening. The elements were hushed, unconscious of the great destinies about to be decided, or else breathless with expectation. A certain brother of mine, a youthful Mars, having enjoined silence, divulged the precious secret. I was at that time too much an admirer of martial achievements to betray him, and he departed with many and sage injunctions to "be careful," "not to get hurt," &c. About eleven o'clock he returned thorough-

ly bespotted and betorn; but what was all that and a few bruises into the bargain, when his party had been victorious! The lower-enders had beaten the upper-enders, and driven them into yards and enclosures, whence they dared not show a head; and they never, from that day forth, presumed to turn up a nose at the lower-enders. Thus ended the war.

All this is boyhood, you say; ay, and so it is; but it is American boyhood. Did you ever think of the thing before? Did you ever think of the difference of boyhood in our own country, and that of every other on the face of the earth? Did you ever think of the contrast in America and England even? Here we have no aristocracy, no privileged orders, no laws of primogeniture; and boyhood, in the mass, must be altogether a different affair in the mother country, from what it is with us; and it is too obviously so under other governments to admit of even a comparison.

Our boys will not tamely submit to usurpation, to airs of superiority; they are keen observers, and even keen thinkers. They ask the why of every thing, and the wherefore must be rational indeed, to excite the reverence of these

stripling republican cavaliers. They are such boys as our own institutions, and no others, are calculated to develope. Their education is in accordance, — the circumstances by which they are surrounded are likely to make such boys unlike those of any other country; and they must be followed by such men. And here I come to the point phrenologically.

The institutions of America, all of them, political, moral, and religious, are, of all others, best calculated for the developement of the higher faculties of our nature; and these are of themselves establishing among us a *cast, a type of head, which will itself guaranty the perpetuity of those institutions.*

We have nothing to fear from foreign or internal disorganizers and corrupters, — for the permanency of our institutions is written upon the very brows of our children, — in plain, legible characters upon the forehead of every school-boy that, sauntering, swings his satchel in our streets We need not enter the legislative hall, to seek for the conservative principle of our government; it is to be found everywhere, in the vigorous, manly outline of the heads of our professional men, our artisans, our free voters.

THE POLITICIAN OF PODUNK.

Solomon Waxtend was a shoemaker of Podunk, a small village of New York, some forty years ago. He was an Englishman by birth, and had come over the water to mend the institutions, as well as the *soles*, of the country. He was a perfectly honest man, and of natural good sense; but, having taken pretty large doses of new light from the works of Tom Paine and the French Revolutionists, he became, like an inflated balloon, light-headed, and soared aloft into the unknown regions of air. Like many of his countrymen brought up under monarchical institutions, he was slow in understanding the mysteries of our political system; and, wanting the ballast of *Yankee* common sense, he nevertheless thought himself specially qualified to instruct the people of Podunk in every thing relating to civil liberty.

Accordingly he held forth, at first, over his lapstone, then at the bar-room, and finally at a caucus. He had some gifts, and more of the grace of assurance. He set up for a great man, became a candidate for representative, and was

triumphantly elected a member of the General Assembly of New York. With all the spirit of a true reformer, he set forth for Albany, to discharge the high functions of his official state. He went. He rose to make a speech. His voice failed, his knees tottered, he became silent; he sat down. The whole affair was duly reported in the papers. It was read at the alehouse in Podunk!

Solomon Waxtend came back an altered man. He went away round, ruddy, and self-sufficient; he returned lean, sullen, and subdued. He shut himself up for a month, and nothing was heard in his house by the neighbours, save the vigorous hammer upon the lapstone. At length, one evening, he appeared at the village inn. It was a sort of holiday eve, and many of his partisans were there. They looked at Solomon, as if they saw a ghost; but he had that calmness of countenance which betokens a mind made up. His late friends crowded round him; but Solomon, waving his hand, bade them sit down. Having done this, he spoke as follows.

"I trust I am duly sensible, my friends, of the honor you intended me, in sending me to the Assembly. If I have disgraced you, it has, at least, been a lesson to me. I find, that in order

to understand your institutions, and to cope with your Yankee people, it is necessary, like them, to live long in the country, and to study its history, and become familiar with its political system. I find that an Englishman, with his Tory notions, his hereditary love of monarchy, his loyalty, woven in with his first lessons of life, is like a 'fish out of water' in one of your democratic assemblies. I have, therefore, only one thing to say and that will be told in the way of a story.

"Some people, digging in a sandbank by the seaside, in search of Kid's money, came to a chest, with the following inscription, — '*Take me up, and I will tell you more!*' This gave them fresh courage, and they continued their efforts. At length they dug up the chest, and on the bottom, they found the following inscription, — '*Lay me down as I was before.*'"

Having told this story, the cobler departed leaving his hearers to apply the obvious hint conveyed by the legend.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE DUMB.

BY J. H. CLINCH

From words we gain ideas; — there are some,
Alas! whose only knowledge rests in words,
Their wisdom empty wind. How different
The shadowy thoughts which wander through such minds,
From those ideal pictures, fresh and warm
And well defined, which crowd the mental sight
Of the deaf mute. — Words are unknown to him, —
His thoughts are things, — his logic and his chain
Of metaphysical deductions, — all
Pass through his brain in bright depicted facts,
The fresh reflections in mind's mirror clear
Of Art's achievements or of Nature's works.
One, to whom Heaven, in wisdom infinite,
But to our sense inscrutable, had locked
The gates of Sound and Speech, was asked to tell
The meaning of "*forgiveness.*"
Pausing then
A moment, with the eye of memory
"To glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
For fitting thoughts, he seized the ready pen
And wrote, — *The odor which the trampled flower*
Gives out to bless the foot which crushes it!

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SEA RHYMES.

RETURN OF THE VICTOR SHIP

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

She hung her snowy pinions wide,
A moment on the breeze,
Then dashed the crimson waves aside
And leapt the foaming seas;
She swept a banner o'er the flood
That never bore a stain,
And like a giant forth she stood
As if to dare the main.

Away! away! ye gallant souls,
With swelling hearts ye fly;
In clouds of fire your thunder rolls
Its white smoke on the sky, —
I hear, I hear, the ringing peal,
Your flashing arms I see;
Away! away! what joy to feel
The thrill of victory!
Behind ye moans the battle-cry,
Of many a foeman doomed to die,
Above ye float the stripes and stars
Amid a nation's loud huzzas,
While glory's boon, — proud honor's fame,
Encircles each exulting name!

The interesting and picturesque fact, that you can say, in all the soberness and gravity of prose, that you really composed "stanzas" on the top of a "heaven-kissing" mountain, — or on some capital quarter-deck "at sea," is something too valuable, withal, to pass over with a poor indifference. The chance is, that matter thus brought to light might do something extra towards advancing the "good and true" in poetry. So would have judged Swedenborg, at least. For my own part, I am so certain, with reference to the article that follows, that enough to "swear by" was actually done, in pencil, on the very crown-rock of the mountain sung of, that I feel no disturbance of conscience in telling about it here, under the title of

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

I.

GREAT GOD! thy works oppress me. As I gaze
Upon thy beautiful creation, I but feel
My frailty and my meanness. — I look down
On a world mapped beneath me, like the wo
Of forms upon the firmament, when clouds
Are marshalled there, amid a shadowy light
That touches them with hues beyond our dreams'
I look down with a fearfulness, — I hear
A voice, as of a choir, bursting in song
Of gratitude and glory to the Power

That fashioned such immensity. I hear
An anthem rolling to the Architect
Of such a boundless beauty. It comes not
From some towered city, where the booming bells
Send up faint music through its cloudy pall
It comes not from one land amid its joy,
And gladness of its harvest, and its flowers,—
Not from one sounding river, in its flow
To the great flood that bosoms it,— nor yet
From one upheaving ocean,— but it comes
From all their voices, mingling in this blue
And far vault of the mighty universe!

II.

My vision dims, with wonder! — I look in
Upon the panorama of my soul,
And hear a whisper from deep places, full
Of a subdued devotion, telling me,
That man, though but an atom glimmering through
This sea of things incomprehensible,
Yet looms above the mountains in his mind,
And holds great conversation with the stars!
And when he bends him to the checkered earth
On its vast altar-peaks,— the dreamy world,
That, like a canvass touched by his own hand,
Seems but a painted pastime of the power
Of the far God that walks above the clouds,
And the broad blue they curtain, he is touched
With some proud intimation; — and his brow,
Illuminate with a proud hope, and full
Of the unfathomed mystery within,

Lifts to the high home of his destiny;
Then bows on earth's bald pinnacles, in prayer

III.

Silence and prayer, — upon the mountain tower!
Where clouds rest on their passage through the sky
And its bright orbs seem nearer! — where the wind
Sweeps, with a hollow sound, like that of waves
Or countless organs mingling, and the storm
Peals with a fierce music! O, if here,
On these unshadowed places of the world,
Where the earth looks the dim and dwarfish thing
That well within the hollow of his hand,
Who called it from immensity, might swing, —
If here, where man, and all his works seem tombed
In the dark forest that embosoms all, —
Where of his triumph voice no echo comes,
And the great cannon's call scarce undulates, —
If here he bow not, as a creature struck
Down to the dust he tends to, and outpour
In that confession, sanctified by tears,
That ever mark the noblest penitence, —
The story of his consciousness, — and ask
For mercy, with a deep shame on his heart,
Shading it as some great incubus, — if yet
He prate of power, and dream of glory here, —
Wrap him in pride, and curl the paling lip,
That must to-morrow parley with the worm, —
Then let him pass, — as but a breathing thing
God's glories cannot reach, — nor beauties bow
A creature with whose soul companionship

Must merge in misery, — a mass of earth,
That seems not formed to live, — yet dreads to die

IV.

Silence and prayer! — O tell me, ye who come
As pilgrims to these towers, — these cloudy homes
Where Nature casts her banners to the sky,
Above the bravest battlements of man,
And tells the story of her lordliness
In her unfading oak and waving pine,
That count the passing centuries from their crag,
Dare the red bolt, — and laugh above the storm, —
O tell me, — can ye come here, and bow down
Where the world dwindles 'neath ye, like a point,
Nor feel its passions lessen? Can ye hear
The voice of cities, and the waving fields,
Sweep far beneath ye, like the sound of winds,
Nor feel how lesser than a child's it is?
Can ye look down upon the ocean sea,
Nor feel how infant-handed are its waves
When storms are at their bravest, to the waves
That mingle in their battles of the sky,
When the tornado rides its tempest-car,
And whirlwinds gather at its thousand wheels,
And the red thunder leaps from spire to spire
Of clouds that point the heavens like citadels,
And blacken the horizon like a veil?

V.

O say, — can ye bow here, nor feel how far
Ye are from earth, — and yet how near to heaven?

Can ye, on summits where ye almost hear
The clouds swoop by ye on their passage, gaze
On this mosaic of the land and sea,
Or the unfathomed blue, nor feel deep tears
Breaking within ye, as from founts that stir
Only to *One* great voice? Can ye bow down
Without that unheard utterance of prayer,
Which the heart whispers, when the things of God
Bend it to silence that is eloquence?

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEALTH AND FASHION."

How many essays have been written on that simple word, *happiness*, from the times posterior to Miss Hannah More's charming poem, entitled, "Search after Happiness," to the present day; when it seems to be conceded, that happiness is a celestial resident, who has no home on earth, and whose "visits are few and far between"; that she only comes now and then to say, that we must not expect to be intimately acquainted with her till we seek her in her own region of life and glory, where she dwells in the presence of the Creator.

Let us then cease to repine that she so constantly eludes our pursuit; and take the best substitutes we can find, cheerfulness and contentment.

It would be a utilitarian service, not unworthy the projects of the present day, to prove that these qualities are within the reach of all, but I am not sanguine enough of success to a-

tempt it. An habitual discipline of mind, however, will secure a comfortable portion of contentment, and a conscience at peace with itself will conjure up its partner, cheerfulness; it must be confessed, nevertheless, that conscience is not apt to be perfectly at peace with itself; and, the higher the standard, the less there is of self-complacency.

There is one great truth connected with this subject, which illustrates most powerfully the goodness of God. Contentment is not oftener the portion of the rich, than of the poor, neither does it ally itself to rank, or intellect. One of the most contented people I ever heard of, was one among the least gifted. She was uncouth in her figure and gait, and deeply pitted with the small pox, which she had had severely in her youth. By daily labor she supported an aged mother; and they occupied a room furnished with the bare necessaries of life. Let not the wealthy disdain "the simple annals of the poor." She often spoke of her success in life with fervent gratitude, and said it seemed to her a miracle how she had risen in the world, so as to be able to "keep house."

Her idea of affluence, was bounded to a sufficient supply of work to enable her to clothe

herself suitably for the season, to furnish three meals a day, and to pay an annual rent of twelve dollars for her room. This last demand she considered exorbitant, and said, "if she consulted only her own comfort she would not submit to it, but Marm must live well, she was used to it, and could not be reduced in her old age; then, upon second thoughts, she did not so much blame her landlord, for the prices of every thing had risen, and it was natural enough that rent should rise too." At length, however, she said, with something like gloom, "that they must move; — the landlord had raised their rent from twelve to fourteen dollars, and she could not afford to pay it, and, if she could, she should think it wrong to be living at such a rent." I offered to *lend* her the two dollars. I would not have risked hurting her feelings by offering to give them. She said, "No, everybody must accommodate themselves to their circumstances; she would move, though it would take her off from a day's work, and she was afraid they should go behindhand. The bedstead must be uncorded, and there was a chest of drawers to be moved, and only one pair of hands to do it but, thank her stars, they were strong ones."

I proposed sending a hand-cart for the heavy

articles, and asked how far they were to be carried. "Only across the entry," she replied; "the landlord can get a higher rent for this room than the other, and so *that* is more suitable for *us*."

She certainly lost none of this blessed quality of contentment by getting into a smaller apartment, but said, "the same good luck had followed her that did about every thing; — it took less fire to warm it, and was every way a saving."

In time, Sary's mother died, (this was the name she always went by,) and she became rheumatic and unable to work; and then she got what she called "a nice snug birth in the almshouse." I knew her love of independence so well, that I thought this must be a calamity to her; but I found it otherwise. The first time I went to see her, she began to enumerate her comforts; said, "she had half a bed to herself and that was as much as she had, when her mother was living." After she recovered her health, which she did in the course of a few months, she preferred remaining in the almshouse as an assistant. "I can do more," said she, "than earn my living; I can do something for the poor, and it is but just that I should, for

I have been living almost a year upon charity not that I ever felt humbled by it, for we are all living upon God's charity." Sary was something of a philosopher; for she added, "that she knew she was well off there, and it was uncertain whether she should 'better her situation,' by trying to live independently."

She certainly had not book learning, for she could neither write nor read; but she had collected a good many sayings, that she applied to the affairs of life. The wisdom of them she always tested by her own experience, and never yielded her opinion to their authority without full conviction. If she had any affectation, it was in quoting the observations of men, instead of those of her own sex; and she always prefaced her quotations by remarking, "I have heard sensible men say," &c.

I recollect one striking instance of her independence of public opinion. She prefaced a quotation as usual, by, "I have heard sensible men say,

> 'If you mend your clothes on your back,
> For poverty you 'll ne'er lack;'

now I know *that* is not true, for I have mended mine on my back a hundred times, and I never yet wanted for any thing."

Some circumstances took place which rendered it necessary for Sary to make a journey. It was upon the whole a trial to her equanimity; but she was too wise to repine at an unavoidable evil, and so she made up her mind to perform it for pleasure. It was eight long miles, and then there was a bridge to cross, which would cost her two cents. This last difficulty was obviated by crossing in a boat below for *nothing*; it made her foot journey two miles further, but she saved her cents. She said, however, "that it was the hardest job she ever went through for pleasure, and, upon the whole, the dearest one, taking into account the wear upon her shoes." I will not further illustrate my subject, lest some one should say, this is not intellectual contentment, but mere vegetation. It may be so; for God ripens fruits, flowers, and plants by his sunshine; and he will watch over the humblest mind to which he has given existence, even though to the highly gifted it may seem scarcely raised above the clod of the valley.

LAMENT

FOR THE DECLINE OF POETRY.

A FRAGMENT.

Alas. the days of song are past,
And all is downright prose at last;
No more the lover wooes with verse,
But argues better with his purse;
And haply finds, if this is long,
His suit is short, his pleading strong.
The Moon, that once inspired the lay,
Now only wakes the watch-dog's bay.
The Muses, wooed and won of yore,
Are sought or worshipped now no more;
And sooth to say (I speak from knowledge,
Although I learned it not at college), —
Since Homer thundered in their ear,
The deafened Nine have ceased to hear;
At least, 't is vain their aid to seek,
Unless your prayer is couched in Greek;
For I have tried it many a time,
And could not even get a rhyme;
So, let them pass, — they 've lost their zest, —
They 're nine old musty maids, at best,
They 're not in vogue, and that 's enough;
A goddess, out of fashion, 's stuff!
Old Helicon is but a hill, —
Dry is Castalia's bubbling rill, —
Arcadia's golden age is flown,
So Benton's mint-drops did not go alone.

LUXURY, OR THE LADY-BIRD

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I saw three children gathered round
A tulip's bed, on the dewy ground,
And their little voices chiming rung,
While these were the words the young group sung
"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, your children will roam.'
They thought, to be sure, the dainty thing
Would flutter aloft its tiny wing,
And fly to rescue the little brood,
Away, far away, in the deep, green wood.
They waited in vain, — it stirred not a wing,
Though the warning voices did loudly ring.
They looked with surprise, then raised again,
In a louder voice, the warning strain.
"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, your children will roam."
The words were sweet, and the morning clear,
But it fell, I am sure, on a senseless ear,
On a callous heart, or danger and home
Would have urged her away where her children roam
They thought she was an insensible thing,
And proud, perchance, of her spotted wing.
I looked in the cup the monster to see,
And learn what the truth of the case might be.

I saw, at once, that her silly brain
Would think no more of that home again.
The whirr of her wings no more would be heard,
In the woody dell, by insect or bird, —
For there she sat, like a fairy queen,
On her velvet couch in the tulip's sheen;
And the dainty thing had gathered there
Whatever is rich, or sweet, or rare, —
A thousand things, that were all unknown
In the rose-tree shade, from whence she had flown;
And things, that her sisters there would deem
Too wild for even a lady-bird's dream.
Her palace was hung with crimson and gold,
And gems gleamed out in the tapestry's fold;
And tiny vases, with nectarine dew,
Their coolness and fragrance round her threw.
There were pearls, too small for a common eye,
And such as a poet alone can descry.
And fairy sprites were hovering there,
To deck the brow of the lady-bird fair.
The rose's leaf, and the thistle's down,
And the gossamer web were round her thrown;
And all that were skilful in things like these,
Came hither the dainty one to please.
A globule of dew for a mirror hung,
And the glow-worm's lamp in the hall was strung
A band of insects was stationed near,
With music to charm the lady-bird's ear
A spider came with a solemn tick,
To know if the lady were well or sick;
I judged by his air, and his sable hue,
Of the lady-bird's doctor I 'd had a view,

And grieved to see that the insect throng
Were aping our manners, right or wrong.

* * * * *

The insect we called a luxurious thing,
Too idle to spread its beautiful wing,
And fly away on the balmy air,
Where the joyous group 'neath the rose-tree were,
We knew it would die in that gorgeous home,
And never again the green-wood roam;
The rustling leaf, and the healthful breeze,
Were all unmarked in her selfish ease.
The gentle voices of love and mirth,
In vain rang up from the joyous earth.
We left her there in her pride, to die,
A lady-bird spoiled by luxury.

THE JOURNEY OF MEMORY.

I HOVERED, in guise of a witching dream,
O'er the captive's couch, and a brilliant gleam
Of the purest joy in his features shone,
As I spoke, in a low and impassioned tone,
Of a lovely home in a tranquil glade,
And the changeless faith of a dark-eyed maid.
But I touched the fetters which bound him fast
And a cloud of anguish that face o'ercast.

I lingered not with the young and fair,
If love and hope were my rivals there;
But I knew I should come, when youth was flown
And raise, in those innocent hearts, a throne.

I sought the dwelling where death had left,
On the joyless hearth, his foot-prints deep;
A mother, unconscious of earthly ill,
Was tranquilly sleeping a "dreamless sleep."
I harrowed the souls of a youthful throng,
Not mine to comfort, not mine to bless;
I called from their graves the thoughtless word,
The wayward deed, and the cold caress,
Which had grieved that kind and gentle heart,
Which could lavish no longer its "wealth of love"
But, worn and wearied with earth-born cares,
Was glad of a refuge in realms above.
Remorse and regret alike were vain;
Nor all earth's treasures, nor all earth's tears,

Could win [illegible]ain,
To [illegible]ss.
[illegible] side
[illegible];
[illegible] part,
[illegible]ce of care
[illegible]t by,
[illegible]g eye
[illegible]it passion shone
[illegible]ce, and the softened tone
[illegible] changed; at the altar's side
[illegible] and a youthful bride;
A dark shad[illegible]g o'er the maiden's brow,
As I [illegible]ke of an earlier vow,
Plighted to [illegible]e in his manhood's prime,
Gathering gold in a far[illegible] clime.
She sought to bribe me with sparkling gems,
I would not list to her earnest prayer;
Uncalled, ungreeted, unwelcome, I came.
No wedding garment was mine to wear.
But I laughed at the powerless rivals, which shone
In those dark-wavin[illegible]sses, and glittering zone
As I plodded onward my weary way,
A group of wild urchins entreated my stay;
They were conning their [illegible] in the morning sun,
And earnestly wishing such penance done;
They shouted a welcome, but shouted in vain;
I dared not mix with that rival train;
For Wit was there, with his arch reply,
And Mirth, with her saucy, wandering eye,
And Sport looked forth, and longed to ride
His mimic bark on the river's tide,

While [illegible]s foe,
In silen[illegible]low.
I sought [illegible] spot,
Where, weakn[illegible]d power, forgot,
Dwelt a tranquil-[illegible]e high,
Yet looking on e[illegible]y eye;
[illegible] proffered [illegible]d rest,
Ch[illegible]uest;
A[illegible]ad,
[illegible]e [illegible]d thought, [illegible]e generous deed,
[illegible]heerful spirit, enduring long,
And meekly brooking the keenest wrong;
Of a life, in noblest efforts spent,
And a soul, in its *conscious worth*, content.

E. A.

THE LEGEND OF THE LARGE FEET.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Which is the true earthly fairy land, — the region where the wayward, but lovely little beings love best to hold their revels? Germany, with her black forests, and her strange tales of demons and monsters, has claimed those fair and delicate creatures for her own. Scotland can show the green rings their light feet have left among her brown heather; and often have they been seen, by hardy deer-stalker and wandering minstrel, in the parks and forests of merry England. But there is another country, not less beautiful and famed, which has enjoyed, at least, an equal share of fairy favor. Can it be doubted that I speak of Ireland? Never was land more prolific of fairy lore; not that lore which is clasped in dusty volumes, or hidden in unintelligible old manuscript, but that which is transferred from generation to generation, learned by the infant from its mother's lips, believed as a faith which it were a sin to doubt; written on

the hearts and twined in the minds of the children of Erin, with their earliest ideas.

It was in the spring of the year 1833, that I had occasion to visit the south of Ireland, and my business led me to the little town of Clonacarty, in the County of Cork. During my stay, I fell in with the quondam schoolmaster of the parish, who had formerly "taught the young idea how to shoot," beneath the shelter of a stout hawthorn hedge, until the march of intellect, and a national school, had fairly robbed him of his vocation. Why will people be so much wiser than their fathers? I verily believe that many of his old pupils, under their new lights, would have gone near to doubt the truth of the tale which follows. He related it to me himself, one fine summer noon, as we sat on a green knoll, and overlooked the scene of the story.

"'T is long ago since there was a house here; before my time, there was n't one stone of it left upon another; but, notwithstandin', there was wanst a dacent house stood convaynient to this, jist beyant the grate ash trees. 'T was called the farm of Kilavain, and was burned in the grate rebellion; but that is nothing to the purpose.

"On this farm lived one Dick Donovan, and his only child, a very purty girl, called Moyna. I wish I could paint you the likeness of Moyna Donovan; — sure she was handsomer than an angel itself; so at laste, my grandfather towld me, — the saints be good to his sowl, for iver and iver, amen! She was about sixteen years old; small and light made, her eyes blue as the skies above, and her hair black as the raven's wing. These are ould sayings, but I can't find newer or better in spakin' of Moyna. Jist round the fut of yonder hill, lived the landlord of all these fields and farms about, one Misther Doyne, or, as he generally was called, Misther Walter. A dacent jintleman he was; lived on his estate the year round, barrin' an occasional visit to the city of Cork, and was, altogether, as merry-hearted, open-handed, free-spoken a youth as you 'd see of a summer's day. Long and well had he loved Moyna Donovan, and often had he vowed to make her his wife; but crops failin', and tinnants runnin' away, and one thing or another came across him, and he was forced to put off marryin', till his affairs were put a bit straighter. With Walter Doyne lived one of his relations; that is, he had a score or two of them about his place, but only one, for a wonder, who ate and

dhrank wid himself, and was looked on as nearly his aiquil. Whether he was his uncle or his cousin, or some friend of his father's, nobody could rightly tell; but he never wint, amongst high or low, by any name but Uncle Jack. He was a jolly, stout little man, about forty years old, wid a good-tempered face, and a hearty laugh; remarkable for nothing but a wonderful dislike to doing a hand's turn for himself. But, give him his due, he was ready enough to mend all the broken spades and fishin' tackle, and go a nuttin' with the byes and girls, and tache the childher to make bows an' arrows, or to do any thing in life for a neighbour. Now, I think, you have the picktur of all parties consarned in this story, except Jerry Maguire and Nelly Malone. Jerry was the finest specimint of a Kerry man, that iver you seen. A tall, raw-boned crathur, wid red cheeks, a rownd face, wid blue eyes, an' white teeth, which you were sure to see if you looked in his face, he was so apt at smilin' at you. Nelly Malone was a purty fair-haired *colleen*, who waited on Moyna, the cows, and the chickens.

"At the time I spake of, yonder little green spot, which you see the ploughmen have taken are to leave unbroken, was the favorite meet-

ing place of the good people, as they call 'em bad ind to 'em, for what they done to purty Moyna Donovan, as you shall hear in proper time. Well; the good or bad people kept their nightly revels there, jist as you see, a little before you come to Dick Donovan's farm, that is, when the farm was in it. They could have seen thim junketin' from the very windys, if the ash trees had not stood betwane, and spiled the prospect. It was a fine, lovely summer's night, when Moyna Donovan was walking from the fair of Clonacarty wid Walter Doyne. I should tell you, she was thought to have the purtiest fut and ancle, and to be the best dancer in all Munster. They had jist passed through the ould gateway that used to be here, and Walter, in a jokin' way, was spakin' of Moyna's dancin', and she blushin' like a rose, an' frownin', and cryin' 'Nonsense,' and thin turnin' away her head, that he should not see her smilin'. 'True for you, Moyna, *avourneen*,' said he, 'sure didn't you bate them all out an' out, the two Sullivans that set themselves up for the hoith of gentility, and Miss Rose Flaherty, that *taches*, and Mistheress Newenham, an' all? I b'lieve you'd bate the fairies thimselves, only they'd not dare to thry wid you, wid thim purty little feet of your own,

siz he, lookin' down at thim, as they glanced in and out from beneath her white gown in the moonlight.

"What Moyna answered I do not know; any way, she almost believed all Walter Doyne had been sayin', partly because *he* said it, and partly because it plazed her. Somehow, she was restless in her mind that night. May be she was over-heated wid the dancin', and the walk home; may be she did not know the rason herself; but, any way, when Walter Doyne was gone, she walked out into the garden, and then into the field. She had not gone far, when she heard the sound of music, but so low and soft, she would have thought it was only coming on the wings of the wind from the town of Clonacarty, if every note had n't been heard as clear as if it was jist beside her. Some way, the thought of the fairies come into her head, an' all that Walter Doyne had been sayin'; and she almost wished she *could* have struv wid the fairies; for Moyna, small blame to her, was a little taste proud of her dancin'. Well, the music sounded nearer and nearer; and, just turnin' round by the ash trees, beyant the green ring, Moyna came upon the whole fairy court, in the midst of their merrymakin'. They were dancin'

away to the music Moyna had heard, in the best of time, and as light as a feather. Some of thim were standin' by, and Moyna, half pleased, half frightened, stood watching them, too. But in a minnet, her fear overcame her wish to stay, and she was hoping to slip away, and get home unknownst, when one of the little crathurs, who had been cuttin' capers, and snappin' his fingers over his head like mad, danced up to her, an', wid a low bow, 'Moyna Donovan,' siz he, will you take a dance wid me?'

"Now Moyna, though she was but a woman, had a true Irish woman's heart in her bosom, and, whatever she felt, would have scorned to *seem* afraid; so she curtsied in reply, and danced forrits. Thin began such a dancin' match as these fields niver saw before or since. At first, all the advantage was on Moyna's side; she was light and slight, and knew all the steps and figures which were never so much as heard of in fairy land. She shot hither and thither, up and down, slow and quick; now swimmin' along as if she was goin' to faint; now burstin' into a light quick step, enough to electrify you to see it, while the fairy spectators clapped their hands, and laughed for very pleasure. But she was but a mortal afther all. The fairy music played fast-

er and faster, and her partner leaped and capered higher than ever. Poor Moyna's limbs began tc fail her; she tottered and trembled, and at last was obliged to stop and rest, sinkin' down at the fut of one of the trees. Immediately there was a shout of triumph from the elves, and Moyna would have run away; but she was too weary to rise.

"The whole tribe of fairies gathered round her, and her malicious partner took a harebell from his cap, and shook the dew from its cup upon her feet. No sooner did it touch them, than a great pair of brogues rose out of the earth, and the fairies, sazing them, buckled thim on the helpless girl's feet, singin' an uncouth sort of charm, and vanishin' wid a shout of laughter that shook the leaves from the ash tree. The words of their song Moyna could not rightly recollect; but the drift of them was, that she should never be ridded of the brogues, till she should find a thorough-bred Irishman, with courage and strength enough to challenge the fairies to dance, and to bate them, too.

"How she got home she did not know; she was lyin' in her own bed in the morning, and the sun comin' shinin' through the windy, and she started up, hoping she had been dhreaming.

But she soon found the differ, for there were the big brogues fast round her slender ancles, makin' her purty feet look bigger than any gossoon's on the farm. Greatly terrified and grieved you may be sure she was; she dreaded to tell her father and Walter Doyne how she came by the brogues. They would, no doubt, scowld her for her night-walkin'; and, may be, Walter would judge her to be unlucky, and have nothing more to say to her. She tried to loose the strong leather latchets, but in vain. As soon as she got one clasp undone, it fastened again tighter than iver. Fairly bothered she was at last, and the only thing she could do, was to sit down and cry for the bare life. Presintly she hears her father callin' out for his *buckosht*, and 'Moyna, Moyna,' siz he, 'where 's the *colleen* at all. Sleepin' after her dancin', I suppose. It 's likely I'll let her go to the fair of Clonacarty, if this is to be the way of it. Moyna, *agra*, can't ye answer?' and Moyna called down to him that she was comin', as well as she could for the cryin'. When she got into the kitchen, her father was gone out of it, and she had jist time to slip in asy, and get behind the table and hide her *large feet*, before he came back. She said little enough, you may be sure, and her father, atin' in a vast hurry,

scarcely looked up from his mate; only now an' then asking her a question about the price of whate, and bastes, and such like, at the fair, where he had not been, for a rason of his own. Moyna knew as much of them things as the man in the moon; but she answered as well as she could, keepin' her feet hid undher the table, and turnin' her face to the door, when he happened to look over to her. But at last, 'Father,' siz she, 'I must go to confession this very day.'

"These were the first words that made ould Dick Donovan look full at her. He riz out of his sate, and stared full in her face. 'Yarrah, what ails you at all, *avourneen*,' siz he. 'It 's but last week ye were at yer duty. You can have nothing to confess now but what ye might as well tell yer ould father. Spake to him, darlin', and tell him all that 's troublin' the little heart of ye.'

"Wid that, Moyna threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him; but she sobbed so sadly, it was long before she could spake. At last she tould him all; how she had evened herself, in the pride of her heart, to the fairies, and how they had punished her; together wid the only manes of ridding her of the brogues, if indeed she ever *could* be released from them.

"Donovan was bothered entirely what to advise; but he thought he 'd have one trial to get the brogues off, any way. So he tuk a knife, and begun to cut the straps, but sure never was leather like them. The knife wint *in* asy enough, and cut as if it war goin' through water; but, like the same water closin' over the wake of a vessel, the leather closed over the track of the knife. Then Donovan grew mad, and he swore by this and by that, that he 'd have the brogues off, in spite of the fairies, and the ould boy himself to back them, and he made a desperate slap wid the knife at the thick leather; when, oh murther, it slipped aside, and, scratchin' his daughter's purty ancle, drew more than one dhrop of blood. Then he flung down the knife in raal despair. 'There 's nothing for it,' siz he, 'but to go to father O'Halloran. I 'll take you to him myself, this day; or may be, he would step over here; for we would n't be makin' a show of them feet to the parish, if we could help it.'

"Well an' good. Father O'Halloran came, and soon poor Moyna tould him the story, and showed him the grievance of the brogues. 'My daughter,' siz he, 'it was a sinful thought to even yourself to the good people, and it 's

for meddling o' them that this evil is permitted. However, we 'll thry what can be done. 'I did not come widout the manes;' and wid that he took out his manual, and a little bottle of holy wather. But if all the precious tears Moyna's purty blue eyes had shed would n't help her, you may be sure the holy wather did little good. The priest prayed to the saints all round, and wasted a dale of the blessed wather, but all to no purpose; the brogues would not stir an inch for him. Then siz Father O'Halloran, 'I 'm sadly afeard, Moyna, you 're a bad mimber, either in faith or practiz. There 's somethin' on your mind that ye never tould me of, or these devices of the evil one would not have such power over you.'

"Moyna began cryin' again, and purtested she 'knew nothing to cause her to be so punished, always exceptin' the meddlin' wid the fairies; but she was willing to confess to his riverence, notwithstanding.'

"I cannot tell you what her confession was, for that, you know, is a matter betwane the priest and the penitent; any way, there was no pinance appointed her. But the confession did no more good than any thing else; so Father O'Halloran pocketed his two thirteens, and walked peaceably

home, hummin' 'The Groves of Blarney,' and wondering what the dickens ailed Moyna Donovan.

"When Walter Doyne came in the evenin', as usual, it was a hard task for Moyna to see him, and tell him what had happened to her, and how she feared it would put an ind to all betwane them. But when Walter heard of the way she might be relased, you may be sure he was not long in offering to dance her feet to their proper size again. But Moyna would not hear of it. She said it was only puttin' himself into useless danger. It was a thorough Irishman only could sarve her, and he was half English by his mother's side, so it would be in vain. But he was not to be sed; and that very night, when everybody was asleep in their beds, he set out for the fairy ring. He had betther have stayed at home. He called in vain on the fairies to appear. He conjured them to have pity on poor Moyna, and fasten their infernal brogues on his feet instead of hers. He invoked them in the names of all the saints and sinners he could remember, but never a fairy did he see.

'Just as the mornin' was dawning, he turned to go home, vexed entirely, an' vowing vengeance on the good people, though he wint to the

Pope at Rome to get it. Jist then his foot slipped on a wet place in the path, and down he fell. A sound ran through the grass and trees. May be it was only the mornin' wind, freshenin' with the daybreak; but to Walter it seemed like a distant peal of laughter, burstin' from many people at once. It rose high and long, an' died away in the sobbin' and wailin' of the wind. Walter tried to rise, but found he could n't; and he might have lain there from that time to this, had not one of Dick Donovan's laborers, comin' to his work, helped him home. He found he had sprained his ancle, and that so badly, that it would be many a day before he could strive wid the good people, even if they should take his next offer of a thrial.

"It was wid a heavy heart that he gave up the thought of relasin' Moyna Donovan for the present, and heard the doctor say, he must keep still and not even walk for days, or perhaps weeks.

"When Moyna heard of his disaster, she was like to go ravin'. 'She was the most unfortunate crathur on earth,' she said, 'first to suffer this way herself, and thin to bring a fricnd into trouble, and all for no rason at all.'

"Poor Walter was obliged to stay in his room, an' the only body he had to spake to was one he

could not well avoid, and that was Uncle Jack. He had heard of Moyna's misfortune, and now Walter, to ase his heart, up an' tould him all his troubles, and how perplexed he was wid thinkin' what a while it would be before he would get another chance of bating the fairies, by rason of his lameness. Uncle Jack pitied him sincerely, and he said so; but he did not say a word of the plan he had thought of, for puttin' every thing to rights. He had been schemin' it all in his head, while Walter was talkin' to him, though he stood quite innocent like, wid his hands in his pockets, chewin' his tobacky quid, and seemed to be watchin' the brood of young ducks, that was wabblin' and squabblin' in the yard before the windy. 'Make yourself aisy Walter, *ma bouchal*,' he began. Then he stopped himself. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' siz he, 'so take another tumbler to Moyna's good health, and your own success the next time you 're to thry your skill with the fairies.'

"But Walter had no mind to more punch then; the more wondher for him! an' Uncle Jack was glad to get to his own little room in the garret, an' think about his scheme. An' what think you it was? Nayther more nor less than

to challenge the fairies himself! Fancy Uncle Jack challengin' the elves, that they say are as light as the dewdrop dancin' on the bennet top! He who, if he was not much taller than the *cluricane*, was at laste six times as broad 'But I 'm a true Irishman, every inch of me,' siz he, 'an' there 's a purty girl in the case, which ought to be enough for me any day, without mintionin' my own born relation, poor Walter!' An' so sayin', Uncle Jack wint to the little cracked shaving-glass, that he might make himself dacint, and go respectable to the dancin', which he had determined on for that very night.

"Now the moon shone brightly out on these wide fields about us, and cor in' down yonder path, you might have 'spied a little rollicking looking crathur, with his hat cocked on three hairs, his shillelagh in his hand, steppin' lightly along on his toes, and whistling as if he were ready for a frolic. On he came, as bould as whiskey and a good cause could make him, until he reached the fairy ring. He was consithering how he could call the good people in the politest manner, when a little crathur, dressed all in green, popped up before him, and whichever way he turned, there was another and another till he stood in the very midst of the fairies.

"'What do you want here, mortal? what do you here, man?' demanded many voices, at once.

"'Manners, manners, ladies and jintlemen, one at a time, if you plase, an' I 'll do my best to answer ye,' siz Jack, no ways daunted. 'I 'm here in regard to my nevy, and purty Moyna Donovan, whom you so kindly gifted wid a pair of brogues gratish; an' I 'm here to see if there 's no way of pershwading you to take your present back again.'

"'There 's but one way,' replied a silver voice, 'and you know the way quite well. You must bate us, — tire us down at the dancin', an' if you win, she 'll be relased at once.'

"It was the queen of the fairies herself who spoke.

"'My dancin' days have been long over, ma'am,' siz Jack; 'but,' says he agin, bowin' and drawin' nearer to her, 'if your ladyship's self would do me the honor,' ——

"'*I*,' said the lady, drawin' back like any queen in the world, — 'Mortal, presumptuous mortal! do you know whom you address? but any of these my maidens,' wavin' her hand mighty stately, 'will thry their skill with you as soon as you like

"'Wid all my heart,' siz Jack, quite bould like; 'which will I take?'

"'You must choose for yourself,' replied her majesty of the fairies, and the word 'Choose, choose, choose!' ran from lip to lip, like a faint wind goin' from rose to rose.

"'Then, by your lave,' siz Jack, 'I 'll take out the little lady in green; she 's a sweet crathur, I 'm sure, an' won't be hard upon a poor bye like me, that 's twenty times her weight upon his heels,' siz he, thrying to luk insinivatin', an' thinkin' to come over her wid a bit of the blarney.

"'Don't be puttin' your flummery on us, Uncle Jack,' siz she, standing forrits; 'but just begin, and do your best, as I shall do mine;' but Jack saw she was not altogether displeased with the taste of flattery he made bould to give her.

"Well, the unseen musicians began to play, an' away they went, Jack and the fairy, to the tune of 'Katty O'Lynch.' In a few minutes, Uncle Jack threw away his hat and wig, as useless incumbrances, puffin' and blowin' wid the fatigue and want of breath, but still dancin' on, as if he had quicksilver in his heels. For some time you 'd have sworn he had as good a chance as his antagonist, whose lapes an' bounds was n't

to be compared to Uncle Jack's flings an' capers. But when the fairies saw this, they got vexed and did nothin' but torment him. Some would run jist across him when he would be chasseying forrit; others were riddy behind to pull the lap of his coat, thinkin' to bring him backwards on his scull. It was in vain that Uncle Jack roared for fair play, and danced faster for very anger. Still the little crathurs were so troublesome, one of them in particular, that he could not forbear raising his fut, an' givin' it a kick. Immadiately there was such a *williloo* as never was heard; and before he could bless himself, Jack was laying on the broad of his back, as unable to rise as a turtle in the same condition; and one of the fairies was standin' on his chest.

"'Och,' cried he, 'by the powers! is this the tratement ye give strangers, ye little venomous *sprissonneens!* If there 's law or justice to be had' —— but here the fairy on his breast, bad cess to it, set its foot on his mouth; and, though it was no heavier than a flower-bud, it stopped his spakin'.

"'Have done wid yer nonsense, Uncle Jack,' siz the imp, 'and go quietly home, an' lave other people's affairs to take care of themselves If it was n't that the day is jist going to break

I 'd give you a mark that you should be known by for ever an' a day. Good mornin' to you, Uncle Jack, an' betther luck to you in your next undertaking.' The elf then jumped off his breast and, as it passed, struck his wrist with its hand, and the whole court vanished, wid a shout of laughter, lavin' poor Uncle Jack wid his wrist twisted out of joint, and altogether in a very bad condition.

"'Things went on in this way for some weeks. Mr. Walter's uncle got worse, instead of betther an' Moyna's feet were as fast in the brogues as ever. Her misfortunes were noised far an' wide, an' she came to be spoke of by strangers as 'The Lady of the Large Feet.'

"Now Nelly Malone, the maid, had a raal affection for three things in the world, — for Miss Moyna, for the white turkey-cock, and for Jerry Maguire. May be, havin' but few things to set her heart on, she loved them the betther; for poor Nelly had nayther father or mother, or any other relation livin'. She had reared the white turkey-cock herself she had been foster sister to Miss Moyna, and Jerry Maguire had been her fellow-servant and sweetheart ever since she could remember.

"'Jerry, jewel,' said Nelly, one fine evening

as he was sittin' wid her undher the side of a big hay-rick, 'Jerry, darlin',' siz she, 'I 've somethin' on my mind.'

"'Never say it twice, Nelly, *achorra machree*,' siz Jerry, 'but tell me what 's ailin' you; spake out *acuishla*.'

"'I 'm grieved for Miss Moyna,' siz Nelly 'to see her sweet purty feet spiled with them brogues; an' sorry I am for Mr. Walter; an', altogether, I 'm greatly troubled.'

"'Sure, you 've your own dear bye to comfort you, — an' that 's myself,' siz Jerry.

"'Ah! then,' siz she, 'you 'll do what I ask you for poor Nelly's sake.'

"'If it 's possible to be done, Nelly; any thing in rason, *avourneen*.'

"'An' ain't you a raal good dancer, Jerry, and a true Irishman to yer heart's core: bate the fairies at the dancin', an' then Miss Moyna will be relased an' married, an' Nelly will be yer own wife; ah! sure ye 'll not refuse me.'

"'*Avoch*! we thank you kindly! Go an' be strangled by the fairies, is it? *Shastone!* give me any thing of flesh and blood to deal wid; any thing mortal, Nelly dear, but as for the good people' ——

"'An' you won't obleedge me, then' said

Nelly, burstin' out cryin'. 'Well, you are not what I tuk you for. I thought, when I promised Jerry Maguire, he was a bould bye, fearin' nothin'; an' instead of that, he 's a mane, pitiful crathur, or coward, that 's afeard.'

"'Don't say that word agin, Nelly Malone, if you 'd not drive me mad at wanst. I 'm no more a coward than any man, but where 's the use of throwin' myself away to the fairies? Luk at Mr. Walter, wid his sprained ancle, and Uncle Jack, wid his twisted wrist, an' then tell me, would n't I be goen' on a fool's errand? My Nelly, don't luk so vexed, — you know if you insist,' ——

"Well, bless the women! They bate the world for gettin' their own way, an' makin' the byes do as they plase; an' somehow, between scoldin' and cryin' and coaxin', Nelly Malone made Jerry Maguire change his tune, and promise to challenge the fairies; an', as long as Nelly was wid him, he had almost as good a mind to it as herself, when wanst he 'd promised. But whin the masther called her away, and Jerry was left to himself, he was in a complete perplexshity. He turned the thing over an' over in his mind, but there was no crack to creep out at. He was not the bye to run off his word, —

but then to face the good people! Jerry has but one resource left, an' that was, to set out to Father O'Halloran, trusting he 'd forbid the challenge as a thing unlawful, an' lay the ban of the church on him, if he attempted it.

"He was disappointed, however. Father O'Halloran said the promise was a rash one, yet it must be respected; that we must keep faith, though it was wid the father of lies himself; and that though the matin wid the fairies was not over and above holy, the end, in this case, sanctified the manes, an' there seemed no other way of riddin' poor Moyna Donovan of her large brogues. So Jerry, lookin' mighty foolish and downcast, stood twistin' his *canbeen* in his hands, and then raisin' his head smart, as if a thought had jist struck him, asked if 'there was nothing his riverence could give him by way of a charm, to hinder the good people doen' him any harm.

"'When do you mane to make the thrial?' asked Father O'Halloran.

"'This night, plase Heaven,' siz Jerry. 'Whin a thing 's to be done, the sooner one sets about it the better.'

"'There 's only one thing I can do for you,' returns the priest; 'step home an' back as fast as you can, and bring me the little bottle I seen

in your harvest last harvest; an' be sure there 's some sperrits in it.'

"Jerry was not long in bringing the bottle, and when Father O'Halloran tuk it up, he held it up to the light, an', 'It 's too full by half,' siz he.

"'*Och a kone!*' siz Jerry; 'if I 'm to face the fairies, I 'm sure I 'd need it every dhrop.'

"'But there 's not room for the holy wather,' siz Father O'Halloran, uncorkin' the bottle, an' pourin' out a dacent share into his own tumbler, which stood convaynient, 'I 'm goen' to bless the whiskey; and, whinever you 're gettin' tired in dancin', jist take the laste taste in life of the blessed whiskey, an' you 'll lape like a trout in the sthrame.' So the priest tuk a little vial from the chimney, and was pourin' out the holy water ——

"'Hould, hould, your riverence,' siz Jerry, stoppin' his hand, 'sure one drop 's as good as a thousand, an' if you spile the whiskey that way, how will I be able to drink it?'

"'Ah! son Jerry,' siz Father O'Halloran, laughin' till his sides shook again, 'how can ye spake in that manner of the holy wather, ye bad nimber, you?' But, however, he corked up the bottle at wanst, and giv it to Jerry, recommend-

in' him to say half a duzen *aves*, and a duzen *credes*, before he made the thrial.

"Well an' good, — the moon rose, an' jist when she was in the hoith of her beauty, an the flowers and birds in the depth of their slumber, Jerry Maguire made his appearance in this very field, jist outside the fairy ring. A turnip-field it was in those days, though it 's spring vhate now. He did not seem to have an inch of fearful flesh left about him, and stood strikin' the ground with his *alpeen*, and callin' on the good people to appear for full five minutes before he saw any thing of them. At last he heard a low, gruffish voice behind him, growlin out,

"'What 's your business here, Jerry Maguire?'

"'The dancin', the dancin',' said Jerry, cuttin' a caper, an' flourishin' his *alpeen*, to show his bravery; 'sure, you know my business well enough yerself.'

"'Must we thry, — *must* we thry, — *must* we thry?' run round an' round him like a voice an' its echoes dyin' off in a faint wailin'.

"'Faith, must you, my darlins,' siz Jerry, 'I 'm not the bye to be thrifled wid; so make haste, an' begin at wanst.

"The moon, jist then, glided behind a big

cloud, that looked like a heap of snow; and when she came out again, Jerry saw a dozen o two of purty little crathurs, dressed in all manner of gay colors, standin' in and about the fairy ring. Jerry had made up his mind not to *touch* one of them, nor go within the ring: so siz he, widout more ado,

"'The jig and the fling, if you plase, an' I 'll dance my part out here in the turnip-field; you can keep within that little place if you like,— it 's not big enough for *my* dancin',' siz he, stretchin' about wid his hands in his pockets, while the fairies were consultin' what to do wid him. There was nothing for it, they found, but to give Jerry his own way, so one of the elves stood up in the ring, and Jerry opposite, in the turnip-field.

"Och! whisleh! I wish you could have watched Jerry that night. It would have done your heart good to have seen his dancin'! Now poundin' the ground with his feet, as if it were pavin' he was; now jiggin' on his toes as light as the fairy itself; now rootin' wid his nee all you 'd think he 'd come back on his scull. Every now and then, *mash* would go a great turnip, and *splash* would come the juice into his face; but what cared he? He 'd the whiskey and the holy

wather in his pocket, an' by an' by he pulled it out, and widout stoppin' took a good sup, while he was balancin' on one foot. Then away he went again, fresher than ever. Sorry were the fairies when they saw this, for they 'd great hopes he was goen' to give in. But he 'd no thought of such a thing; and now, gettin' into the sperrit of the fun, an' enjoying the long faces of his enemies, he laughed and sprang louder and higher than ever. It was in vain the fairies tried to thrip him up, or throw him down. One of the little crathurs crept about him, thrying to catch hould of his ancle; but Jerry was always aware of them, and whisked away in a moment of time; and so they went on, for three or four hours.

"The moon was beginnin' to set, an' the fairies had not half an hour to call their own. Jerry took another dhrink from his bottle, which the fairies seein', got mad; and one of them, makin' a flying lape, lighted jist on Jerry's arm, an' snatching the bottle out of his hand, was away into the middle of the fairy ring in no time. But they were too sharp for themselves this time. The elf who had the bottle was tryin' to pull the cork out, an' some of the others were crowdin' round, tryin' to get it from him,

when, among them, they broke the bottle, and splash wint the blessed whiskey over the whole of them. Allilu! they were all gone! One grate cry of anger an' pain they set up, and then there was nothing to be seen but the settin' moon, the misty fields, the pale light, straikin' the aist, an' Jerry standin', the picture of dismay, wid the broken bottle at his feet.

"Moyna Donovan had cried herself to sleep that night, after havin' heard that Walter Doyne's ancle had swelled worse than ever. She dhramed a pleasant dhrame, however. She thought she was in the midst of the fairy court, an' that the queen an' one of her maids were down on their knees, unlacin' the big brogues. Jist as they were drawin' them off, a sweet strain of music wint through the apartment, an' Moyna awoke. The light was shinin' full into the windy, and she jumped out of bed, when,—'Queen of glory! what 's this?' siz she; an' sure enough there was her own little feet, standin' as white and purty as ever on the flure.

"Great was the joy of all the parties consarned, as you may well suppose; an' the first use Moyna made of her feet, afther they were set at liberty, was to run off towards Walter Doyne's house. But she had not gone far, when she

met himself, comin' full of joy, to tell her of the miracle by which his uncle was got well in one night.

"It was not long before Father O'Halloran had a job; an', indeed, two of them. At the same time and place that he married Walter and Moyna, he joined Jerry Maguire and Nelly Malone. Plenty of fun there was at the weddins; dancin' and singen', eatin' and drinken', lashins and lavins.

"The fairies were never seen again in the neighbourhood. May be they were 'shamed at bein' bate by a poor Kerry laborer; may be they were afeard of Father O'Halloran an' the holy wather. Any way, nobody ever saw them again.

"But ever an' afther, the ring was left wid an unturned sod; and the neighbours never thought it over an' above lucky to be boastin' or talkin' proud of themselves, lest they should be gifted wid something even worse than the large feet.'

ANCIENT REMINISCENCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "THREE EXPERIMENTS,' &c.

In King's Chapel, in Tremont Street, Boston, is a monument to the memory of Frances Shirley, wife of Governor Shirley. There are none of the contemporaries of this lady remaining. We know but little of her except from this monument, and the faint and visionary sketches that become more and more indistinct, as they pass through successive generations. After a panegyric on her virtues, this record follows:

"Near this excellent mother, lie the mortal remains of her second daughter, Frances Bollen, late the wife of William Bollen, Esquire, the King's Advocate in the Vice-Admiralty Court of the Province of Massachusetts, whose virtue and great beauty, prudence, piety, cultivated understanding, and gentle manners, were the delight of all while she lived.

"The too brief space of her life was passed ere she had attained her twenty-fourth year, and

she died on the 12th of March, 1741, deeply lamented by her husband, parents, and friends."

It is truly said we live a second time in our children. Of the daughter of this lady and granddaughter of Governor Shirley, Frances Shirley Bollen, there is much known that is interesting. A friend of hers is still living at an advanced age.

Her mother died while she was very young, and her father, being appointed agent for Massachusetts to the court of St. James, went to England, and left her to be educated in this country. The property which she was to inherit made it proper to appoint guardians of distinguished respectability. These were Judge Trowbridge, Judge Russell, and her uncle, Mr. Temple.

With Judge Trowbridge, at Cambridge, she principally resided. Her wealth and beauty attracted admirers at an early age; but it was well understood, that her father was averse to her forming any matrimonial connexion in America, and that he looked forward to her making a splendid alliance in England.

The early part of her life was passed in innocent gayety, unclouded by thought of the future. She formed those associations with friends of her own sex, to which the youthful mind so naturally

turns, and felt as if her world of happiness existed on this side of the Atlantic. At the age of eighteen, she received a summons from her father to come to him; and, with deep sensibility, she parted from Mrs. Trowbridge, who had supplied to her the place of her own mother. There was no mother to welcome her to the strange land to which she was going; of her father she had but a slight remembrance; and, if friends were in store, they must be new ones. She made a thousand promises to write constantly; and said, "that to lay open her whole heart" to those she left behind "would be her greatest solace."

Soon after her arrival in England, letters came; but they were not the transcripts of her warm and affectionate heart; it was evident to her friends, that they were written in a depressed and constrained manner. At length, all correspondence ceased, and they heard of her only by report. It was soon understood, that her father did not wish her to continue her intercourse with her American friends, and was continually haunted by fears that she might defeat his ambitious projects by forming some alliance beneath her. This led him to keep a constant guard upon her movements, and to prohibit her from general society. One solace, however, he allowed her, and that

was, the privilege of passing a few days occasionally with Mrs. Western, a female friend, of great respectability and influence. This lady became fondly attached to Frances, who acquired, from her elegant and cultivated manners, a polish that she could not have gained in her father's family.

Mrs. Western resided a few miles from the city, and it was happiness to her young friend to quit its noise and dust and enjoy those scenes in the country, that reminded her of her early walks in Cambridge, and the winding course of Charles river. Mrs. Western had sons, but they were absent from home, and the father's apprehensions, with regard to them, seem not to have been awakened. One of them returned home on a visit to his mother, while Frances was staying with her. Mrs. Western immediately made arrangements to restore the young lady to her father's residence the next day, knowing his extreme anxiety on the subject.

The breakfast hour, with her, was one of cheerful meeting. She took her seat as usual at the table, and, after waiting some time in vain for the appearance of her guest, sent a summons to her room. The messenger returned with the intelligence, that she was not there, and that the

room did not appear to have been occupied dur ing the night. She sent to her son's room; the young student was not to be found, and the truth flashed upon her mind, — they had eloped together! Nothing remained but to send a despatch to the father, acquainting him with her suspicions.

He lost no time in repairing to her mansion, and loaded her with reproaches. His accusations were violent and unfounded, and he more than hinted, that she was accessory to the elopement. Mrs. Western preserved a calm and dignified deportment, and replied, "that the measure was as unpleasant to herself as to him; that her son had not yet finished his education, and a matrimonial connexion might prove a blight to his future prospects and exertions." She also observed, "that he was not of age, and could not, for some time, come into possession of his own property. That, as now the thing was irremediable, they had better submit to it with magnanimity."

Necessity is a never-failing counsellor. The father contented himself with solemnly protesting he never would forgive, or see, his daughter. Mrs. Western, on the contrary, received the young couple with gentleness when they return

ed, which they did after a few days' absence, and endeavoured, by maternal counsel, to obviate the evils of this rash and disobedient step.

Years passed on, and they had several children. Though the father still adhered to his determination of not forgiving his daughter, in the tenderness of her husband and his mother, and surrounded by blooming and healthy children, her life was tranquil and happy.

Some months after the birth of the youngest child, Mr. and Mrs. Western set out on a journey, taking the infant with them. At an inn, where they stopped, Mr. Western got out of the phaeton. At that moment the horses, which were usually perfectly gentle, took fright, and ran with his wife and child, notwithstanding all his own and his servant's attempts to stop them.

The mother's first thought was for her infant, and seizing an opportunity when the speed of the horses was a little checked, by a hill, she threw it upon a hedge of foliage. A mother's ears are quick, she distinguished the cry of the child; it was not one of distress, and she felt new courage, and, springing herself from the carriage with but slight injury, was able to hasten immediately back to recover the child. She found it safe and unhurt, and it recognised its agitated

mother with the joyous welcome of infant affection. With a heart filled with gratitude for their preservation, she walked on to meet her husband, knowing he must be enduring dreadful anxiety.

The first person she met was her own servant 'We are safe and uninjured," she exclaimed "hasten back and tell your master."

He neither moved nor spoke, and as she looked in his face she perceived signs of deep distress. "What has happened? what have you to tell?" she exclaimed. He was unable to evade her eager inquiries, and the information he gave was abrupt and overwhelming. Mr. Western, in endeavouring to stop the horses, as they rushed furiously forward, received a violent blow on his breast, from the pole of the carriage, and fell dead on the spot. His wretched wife fainted at the intelligence, and so dreadful was the shock, that for many months her reason was partially estranged. Her father could not resist this accumulation of distress. He went immediately to see her, and continued the intercourse, soothing her grief by parental tenderness.

After these melancholy events took place, she resided wholly in the country, devoting herself to the education of her children. She died many

years since; and only one of her American friends still survives her.

We hope this little narrative is sufficiently interesting to make one of her early letters acceptable. It was addressed to the friend just alluded to, after returning from a visit she had been making her. The contrast it forms between the thoughtless gayety of a girl, and the heart-rending events of after life, is very striking. The local allusions it contains to people who existed before the Revolution, as well as the mode of travelling it describes, making a journey from Newburyport to Boston occupy nearly a day and a half, have something of a picturesque effect in contrast with the present times, and modes of travelling by railroads and steam.

"Cambridge, 1762

"Dear Sibby,

"Last evening I heard of an opportunity to send to you, and I cannot omit writing; but must give you a short account of my journey back, which was not very agreeable, on account of the roads. You cannot imagine how bad the travelling was, — we could only walk the horse for several miles, and just as we got to Parker's river, one of the wheels of the chaise came off

It took some time to get it on again, and by the time we entered Rowley woods I was heartily tired. They looked dark and dismal, and I thought of nothing but robbers, and determined if we were attacked, to surrender even my N. P ear-rings to save my life. Well, all at once I saw a man on horseback, coming towards us. I began to tremble, but who do you think it proved? why, Mr. Jonathan Jackson! of all persons in the world, the least like a robber! We had a little pleasant conversation, and then proceeded, — but did not get to Beverly till quite dark. The next morning we left early, found the roads much better, and arrived at Cambridge about one o'clock.

"To-day is Sunday, and we have had a sermon upon dress, from Mr. Appleton. Upon my word, I think he made it out very well; for he told us people should dress according to their rank, and not go beyond their circumstances. He touched a little upon the propriety of our being subject to the other sex, and gave us a hint upon silence. I suppose, my dear, you will think I could not help taking this to myself. I confess it touched me a little, but I shall soon recover from it; for it is so natural to my tongue to go, that I cannot easily stop its motion.

"Here am I, sighing and moaning that we had not some of this good weather while I was with you at N. P. I liked the place so well that I had quite a curiosity to see how it looked when the sun was out.

"I had almost forgot to tell you how much my N. P. ear-rings were admired. I thought of them during the sermon, and ventured to wear them again in the afternoon. How I want to take a serious walk with your ladyship through those long rope-walks, — a walk? no, I think the weather is cool enough for a *run*. I don't believe you have had any knots tied in your handkerchief since I came away. Only think of my forgetting to deliver a message from Mr. M. while I was at N. P. I am positively afraid to walk out lest I should pop upon him, and he should ask me about it. I must beg the favor of you to do it for me. It was to ask your father if he received a letter by one Mr. Whitefield? He is a great preacher, and quite the fashion; they say he makes people cry and laugh in the same moment; pray go and hear him, and write me word, which you do most heartily, cry or laugh?

"The spring is delightful, the trees are coming out in blossoms and Charles river really looks

majestic. How I wish you were here! Write soon, and don't forget the message about Mr Whitefield.

"Your sincere friend,

"FRANCES SHIRLEY BOLLEN."

STANZAS, TO A LADY.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

Ah, Lady! could I deem my humble lay
  Worthy the pensive lustre of thine eye;
Could I awake the music of that day
  When Beauty, as some creature from the sky,
Stirred the deep fountains of my heart, and bade
  Its waters leap, as to some wand divine,—
Until I felt its mystery had made
  New hope, new joy, a new existence, mine;
How would I rush to strike my palsied lyre,
And wake to melody, once more, each quivering wire

II.

But I have seen the darkness of our years
  Shadowing our youth,—that withering eclipse
That comes upon the spirit in its tears,
  When the still prayer of Woe is on the lips,—
Has fallen upon me, till I felt no more
  'T was mine to tune my harp, or touch its strings
No longer to that ecstasy to soar,
  Where new joy lights the Poet's lifting wings!
Ah. thou canst tell the mystery! To thee,—
But why tell *thee* the sorrowing tale?—'t was thine
To bend o'er Love's grave, in thy mourning,—e'en as
  mine!

THE HAUNTS OF THE SEA-FOWL.

It is "egging time," — the sea-fowl's nest
In the cleft of the rock is seen,
And she who sat on the ocean breast,
With folded wing in the sunlight sheen,
Hath laid her eggs where the rock is high,
And the white wave roars as it dashes by.

'T is a wild, wild spot, — in circles wide,
From a thousand isles, the sea-birds come, —
For they rear their young by the water side,
In the very dash of the stormy foam:
'T is there they learn on the wave to play,
And sport themselves in the snowy spray.

On that highest cliff is the eagle's nest,
Above the wave, but within its roar;
And proudly the stern bird eyes the rest
In their noise and gambols along the shore.
He 's an old, white-headed, lonely bird,
And he loudest screams when the storm is heard

He darts from the cliff with a piercing eye,
For he marked from afar his destined prey;
And he cleaves at once the cloudy sky,
And dips his beak in the yielding spray,
Or the prize that the fish-hawk screaming bears,
The pirate eagle remorseless tears.

Ye climb not there, — 't were a daring thing
To mount to that eyrie built on high,
Where the eagle plumes her dark-gray wing,
And soars aloft to the burning sky;
For the rock, with bleaching bones is white,
And the eagle by, for her young to fight.

Ye 're a daring race, — but ye climb not there;
The eagle's eyrie ye may not reach;
To the white gull's nest ye may boldly dare,
And seize the eggs 'midst her sad, wild screech.
Yes, climb ye in to the rocky cave,
Where the sea-fowl's nest is dashed by the wave

It is "egging time," — and the rocks are high;
But the boys were bred by the lone sea-side:
They are sure of foot, and true of eye,
And know where the gull her eggs may hide;
And well do they love the rocky shore,
Where they hear the sound of the ocean roar.

TO A WILD VIOLET, IN MARCH

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

My pretty flower, how cam'st thou here?
Around thee all is sad and sere, —
The brown leaves tell of winter's breath,
And all but thee of doom and death.

The naked forest shivering sighs, —
On yonder hill the snow-wreath lies,
And all is bleak; — then say, sweet flower
How cam'st thou here in such an hour?

No tree unfolds its timid bud,
Chill pours the hill-side's lurid flood,
The tuneless forest all is dumb;
How then, fair violet, didst thou come?

Spring hath not scattered yet her flowers,
But lingers still in southern bowers;
No gardener's art hath cherished thee, —
For wild and lone thou springest free.

Thou springest here to man unknown,
Waked into life by God alone!
Sweet flower, thou tellest well thy birth, —
Thou cam'st from Heaven, though soiled in earth

Thou tell'st of Him whose boundless power,
Speaks into birth a world or flower;
And dost a God as clearly prove,
As all the orbs in Heaven that move

"SHOW US THE FATHER." *

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Have ye not *seen* Him, when through parted snows
  Wakes the first kindlings of the vernal green?
When 'neath its modest veil the arbutus blows,
  And the blue violet bursts its mossy screen?
When the wild rose, that asks no florist's care,
Unfoldeth its rich leaves, have ye not seen Him there?

Have ye not *seen* Him, when the infant's eye,
  Through its bright sapphire window, shows the mind?
When in the trembling of the tear or sigh
  Floats forth that essence, trembling and refined?
Saw ye not Him, — the Author of our trust,
Who breathed the breath of life into a frame of dust?

Have ye not *heard* Him, when the tuneful rill
  Casts off its icy chains, and leaps away?
In thunders echoing loud from hill to hill?
  In song of birds, at break of summer's day?
Or in the Ocean's everlasting roar,
Battling the old, gray rocks, that sternly guard his shore?

* See St John xiv. 8.

When in the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
The week's dread cares in tranquil slumber rest,
When in the heart the holy thought is born,
And Heaven's high impulse warms the waiting breast,
Have ye not *felt* Him, when your voiceless prayer
Swelled out in tones of praise, announcing God was there?

Show us the Father! If ye fail to trace
His chariot, when the stars majestic roll,
His pencil, 'mid earth's loveliness and grace,
His presence, in the sabbath of the soul,
How can ye see Him, till the day of dread,
When, to assembled worlds, the Book of Doom is read

THE LYRES OF OLD

BY W. W. MORLAND.

THE lyres of olden time, — how silent now!
Shattered are all their strings; — the hands that swept
Those chords in glorious days, — when thousands wept
O'er strains of woe, or bade their spirits bow
In adoration, while some hymn divine
Was chanted slow; or, filled with fiery wine,
Sang the old festal songs, — then softer flowing,
The thrilling voice of youthful lover glowing; —
Or in stern notes the warrior god breathed out
To martial men the battle-waking shout!
Those hands are powerless; — mingled with the dust
Each bard of those famed days; — yet, though the rust
Of ages cankers every tombstone o'er,
Their names and glory brighten more and more.
Though Homer's fingers touch not now the string,
Still in our ears his mighty numbers ring; —
And, if the gentle Sappho's tongue is mute,
And hushed the music of the Dorian flute,
The enraptured poet, while he muses long,
And, all entranced, glows o'er the flowing song, —
Imagines still he hears the same rich lays,
Warbled by voices of those olden days.
But 't is not so, — the Teian lyre, unstrung,
Has long unused and undelighting hung, —

Its potent master gone; — but who can tell?
Some new Anacreon may take again
The long-neglected harp, and weave a spell
Round human spirits; — then, not framed in vain,
The song shall swell responsive, — all around
Shall seem some charmed land, some fairy ground

THE GRAVE OF MARQUETTE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM."

Murmur, ye waves of Michigan, low hymns
Of requiem round that lone and tombless grave!
And let no blasts your rising waters dash
With heedless fury o'er the hallowed spot
Where, 'mid the sands reposing, lie the bones
Of one, whose cradle rocked in sunny France
Men have grown old and died, their children's sons
Have risen and passed like shadows, since that grave
Was by a few rude hands in silence dug,
Close by thy waters blue, old Michigan!
Yet, though thy waves with ceaseless homage come
To die in whispers on that hallowed beach,
Touching almost the good man's resting-place;
Never, — so runs the tale, — hath billow kissed
The sands, that hide his bones from gaze profane.
Where oft the pebbles felt the oozing wave,
Ever the dry, warm sunshine sleeps serene;
Or, when the tempest sweeps the foaming lake,
The very winds, — whose steeds *man* may not bridle, —
Touch with no rude, disturbing breath that grave!

What glorious hero sleeps beneath? What son
Of laughing, warlike France e'er wandered hither,

* See North American Review for January, 1839, page 63.

All flushed with youth and wild with enterprise,
Reckless and light as are the winds themselves?
How died the stranger 'mid these lonely wilds?
Bore he bright, deadly weapons? Came his death
From the bare arm, or from the sounding bow,
Raised by the sullen red man 'mid his wrongs?
Died he in wrath? died he in blood? the man
Upon whose grave some unseen angel sits
Smiling and waving still her snowy wings,
While peace and reverence fall in dews around?
What sought he here? fame? glittering wealth? a
crown?

Hear how the wanderer lived! hear how he died!
Hearts did he seek through toils and dangers fierce,
Hearts for his Saviour's love; and on, — still on, —
Speaking of love and peace he wandered slow;
Up the wild, unknown streams, through the deep forest,
And o'er the mighty lake, with weary frame,
But with a trusting spirit, on he fared;
And the poor Indian loved the poorer priest.
Then came his hour. He bade them turn his prow
Where the lone stream came murmuring from the hills,
Pouring its simple tribute to the lake;
There, on the untrodden beach, he went apart,
And bowed him down to pray. Cold death-damps stood
Upon his holy brow; his failing limbs
Trembled beneath the martyr, yet no hand
Of mortal strength sustained the clay that thus
Its glorious tenant silently gave up!
The blue sky o'er his head, — the flitting birds, —
Perchance the wild deer, pausing ere he drank, —

Alone beheld the stranger as he knelt,
Thought of his distant home, and, while the sound
Of murmuring waves stole fainter on his ear,
Felt as if *Heaven* were *home*, — and, 'mid his prayers
Peaceful sank down to find the vision true!
They came, his followers few; with hasty search
They found him bowed; and on his placid lips
Devotion lingering with a holy smile;
But the worn frame was cold, the heart was still
Serving and praying, their meek friend had died.
And in that spot, thus sanctified, they made
The Missionary's lone and hallowed grave.
Angel of Death! oh! could thy summons thus
Find each tried soul with pinion ready plumed,
Struggling to soar before thou break st the bond,
Half lifted to the skies by faith and prayer!

MOUNT AUBURN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF THE OLD MASTERS."

On the 27th of June, 1832, the first monument was reared at Mount Auburn, with this inscription: — "In memory of Hannah Adams, the first tenant of Mount Auburn."

To those who knew her modes of thought, there is something peculiarly congenial in this tribute. There are many who care but little about the dust that has encumbered the immortal spirit.

I will not ask, that fragrant flowers
Should o'er my lowly grave be shed;
I 'll trust to nature's vernal showers
To throw a mantle o'er the dead.

For what to me is that lone spot?
It boots not where the form is laid;
"Dust unto dust" must be its lot;
To earth her tribute must be paid.

Take then, O earth, whate'er is thine,
And in thy bosom let it sleep;
Thou canst not claim the soul divine,
The joyous spirit canst not keep.

CONTEMPLATION.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

When Miss Adams spoke of those who were gone, there seemed to be a feeling that their spirits were hovering round her.

A friend, after returning from a tour to the South, was describing the burying-grounds in Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans, where "the beautiful exotics, that in our northern climes we cultivate with so much labor, geraniums, myrtles, and jasmines, appear to plant themselves spontaneously on the graves, and afford a striking contrast, by their freshness and gay colors, to the often decaying monuments which enclose the unconscious dead."

"How do you know they are unconscious?" said she, with animation; "it seems to me, that I should at least *dream*, if I were buried in such a spot."

Her love of flowers seemed to be a part of her existence. Many were the young, fair hands that decked her humble apartment with these offerings,

"Yet spangled with the morning dew."

There was one, who delighted to quit the circles of fashion and sit at her feet; one who seemed early consecrated to holiness, and in whose delicate frame were, too obviously, the

symptoms of premature decay. We have seen her, with the sacred book in her hand, gently bending over the aged woman, and reading words of life and comfort; — words that not only gave peace to the last moments of her venerable friend, but filled her own with faith and joy.

The monument at Mount Auburn will stand as a record of the feeling and sentiment of Miss Adams's contemporaries. We think it is the first public tribute of the kind, in this country, to female worth and talent. There is something more touching, and more poetical in this removal of her remains to the beautiful spot and classic monument prepared for them, than in all the glare of public homage that crowned the living Morelli in the "Eternal City."

In the following account will be recognised the original Corinne of Madame de Staël.

"This day, (the 31st of August, 1776,) Maria Maddalena Morelli, called Corilla Olimpica by the Academy of the Arcades, was crowned in the Capitol. Petrarch and Perfetti were the last Italian poets who obtained this honor, till it was conferred in the present day. Corilla Olimpica has long gained the admiration of Italy by her extempore verses on any subject proposed. After undergoing the necessary literary examinations, pre-

ceding that ceremony, in the presence of more than twenty ladies of the first distinction, twenty-five foreigners of rank, and three hundred persons of known erudition, with the greatest applause, she was this day conducted to the Capitol by the Countesses Cardelli, Dandini, and Ginnasi. When she entered, she kneeled to the *conservators* who were sitting under a canopy; and, after the usual Latin forms, the Chevalier Jean Paul de Cinque placed the laurel crown on her head; after which the Chevalier John Baptist Conci registered the act of her coronation in the public registers, under the discharge of one hundred pieces of cannon. Several members of the Academy of the Arcades read pieces of their own composition, and three questions were proposed to Corilla, who answered in verse, with an eloquence and vivacity which surprised all who were present."—*Annual Register*, *for* 1776.

We almost wish that Miss Adams could have possessed the gift of the ancient seers, and beheld her *Mount Pisgah*. Monuments are for the living. Auburn is fast becoming the "city of the dead." Earth, like a faithful mourner, opens her bosom to receive her kindred earth. When we wander to this beautiful spot, we feel holier and better; but it is because we realize that the spirit, the immortal spirit, is not there.

THE DEBUT.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THROUGH the light curtains of the rich boudoir
Glimmered the morning, heavily and chill;
And the bronze lamp burned dimly, as the dawn,
Like an unwelcome presence, gathered slow
O'er pictured wall and tessellated floor,
While the broad mirror newly caught the tints
Of silken drapery and sparkling gems.
On a Venetian chair, carved daintily,
Hung, in fantastic folds, an Indian shawl;
Upon the rose wood table glittering lay
A diamond necklace and an emerald ring,
Brooches of rare mosaic, cameos,
Bracelets of gold, and coronets of pearl;
While scattered round was many a fair device
Of foreign tissue and resplendent hue,
To decorate attractions now divine.
Upon a couch, regardless of the scene,
Reclined its mistress in a snow-white robe
Wrapt in those wavy folds which sculptors fling
In careless grace around their classic nymphs.
'Mid the light masses of her loosened hair, —
A pearl-like star upon a cloud of gold, —
Still drooped a half-blown rose, as if in pride
It fain would wither o'er the ivory brow,

Whose rival tint it could no more relieve.
The eye, whose liquid love e'er stirred with joy
All who could catch its glance of tenderness,
Now glistened with a moisture mild and sad;
The smile, whose magic gladness all the night
Had woke a thousand hearts to rapture new, —
The dimples, that like rosy elfs had played
Upon the rounded cheek, — all now were gone;
The maiden, with her beauty, was alone,
And knew it not, save as the bright-plumed birds
Are conscious of their wings, when folded down
In the soft lassitude of summer sleep.

"And this is all"! she murmured pensively, —
"The throng was brilliant, and the music sent
A thrilling sweetness through my very heart, —
Ay, and the dance went merrily, and oft
I looked on those fair faces, and was glad
In the exciting hum of mutual joy.
Yet how this long anticipated night
Has marred my ardent hopes: how tame the bliss
It brought and leaves, compared with that delight
Which, in my fancy's view, so long hath shone!
Mary, whom like a sister I have loved,
For the first time looked coldly on my face,
When rose the admiring murmur as I danced;
And he, — my own, my cherished one, — whose hand
Will lead me to the altar, gazed he not
With a strange jealousy, as I replied
To the unwelcome praises of the crowd, —
Forgetting our long love, our perfect faith,
Our fond communion and affinity?

Have I not heard, that in the world's domain,
Friends are dissevered, warm hearts frosted o'er
With prideful hope and selfish vanity?
Ah! happier were the hours that book and lute
And friendly converse and confiding love
Have borne away on soft, unruffled wings,
In the ethereal atmosphere of home,
Or 'mid sweet nature's balmy solitude.
What is my triumph, though its circle spread
Through Fashion's temple, if the dearest nooks
Where Love and Friendship dwell are shadowed o'er,
And my own spirit's garden is defiled
With passion's gusts and envy's sickly weeds?
If the broad sunshine parches thus the spring
Of our most blessed affections, shade be mine!
Yes, Father! let the flowers, which thou hast sown,
Hold meekly up in their bright chalices,
Throughout my pilgrimage, the sacred dews
Which thou didst shed from heaven upon their buds,
Till by thy hand paternal they are gleaned,
To wave as odorous censers in thy courts,
And, in eternal beauty, blossom there."

THE CONFESSION.

"Come let us wander, dearest, through wood and shady
glen,
And thou wilt speak those winning words of yesternight
again;
The purple clouds with crimson edge a glorious eve
foretell,
The path winds near the clustering elms, to yonder
flowery dell;
A grave Confessor will I prove, and shrive each wily art
Which my romantic spirit won, and chained my haughty
heart.

"I know the wise ones counsel a maiden to deceive,
And in the labyrinth of doubt each faithful suitor leave;
They warn the simple, girlish heart, its nature to conceal,
And lights and shades of passion pure forbid her to
reveal;
But thy unfaltering truth will scorn such mean and
shallow art,
Nor fear to let thy lover scan thy guileless, sunny heart."

"And must I tell thee, dearest, that I trembled, when thy
name
Was uttered in our household, in honor, or in blame;

And when thy manliness and worth all voices echoed
loud,
I coined some trifling error, my secret to enshroud;
Some dust upon the blossom, on the peerless gem a stain,
A cloud in the cerulean, a shadow on the main.

"And must I own, Confessor, that in the gayest dance,
I fearfully and stealthily watched each betraying glance,
Which you lavished on the graceful, the witty, and the
fair,
While in my soul was struggling the Demon of despair;
But, though my heart was breaking, more brightly flashed
mine eye,
And proudest rival might not then divine my jealousy.

"Though gallant youths full many might throng the
stately hall,
One noble form my partial eye could see amidst them
all;
Though suitors clustered round me, and worshipped at
my shrine,
A cold, abstracted notice, and changeless cheek were
mine;
A mist, a cloud, o'ershadowed the view of all save thee,—
O, if the wise ones listened, what would they think of
me?

"A dull, dull weight was at my heart, how sad the eye
flew by,
If vainly, midst the motley crew, I sought thy speaking
eye;

But mine the merry, merry heart, and thrill of maiden glee,
If haply, in a far-off group, I caught one glimpse of thee;
Did I mark thy hastening footstep, O how I strove to hide
The telltale blushes on my cheek, fretting my maiden pride.

"I dare not own, Confessor, though I remember well,
When, from a distant city, arrived a brilliant belle,
Her manners so bewitching, so exquisite her brow,
Her eyes, the winning hazle hue, I think I see them now;
How much I feared those eyes would come between my love and me!
I felt that she was passing fair, and almost worthy thee!

"And when the damsels thronged around, imploring you to say,
Which style of manner pleased you best, the gentle or the gay,
I stood in breathless eagerness, I dared not raise mine eye,
As, with intensest interest, I watched for thy reply.
Careless and cold thy answer came, and banished all my fear,—
Indeed, my love, such idle tales the wise ones should not hear.

"I may not own, Confessor, how oft I strolled alone,
And mused upon thy flattering speech, and most persuasive tone,
And marvelled that thou didst not say the words I wished yet feared.
Full many a castle, fair and grand, my frolic fancy reared,

And spite of bitter, rankling words, *good-natured* friends might say,
My trusting heart for ever found some cause for thy delay.

" And yet full oft would I resolve, that never, never more
One thought of thee should haunt my mind, and conned it o'er and o'er.
A hopeless task indeed it was, such mandate to obey,
I would not counsel maidens such trial to essay.
But, when thy deep devotion no longer was concealed,
And jealous doubts and earnest hopes thy changeless heart revealed;

" The depth of joy which thrilled my soul, forbade my lips to speak,
But could a lover's searching glance distrust my mantling cheek?
I hoped my life might prove for thee one long self-sacrifice,
And prayed that I thy fondest dreams might ever realize;
And now are told, Confessor, my whims and follies all,
And censure from the wise, I fear, most powerless will fall."

E. A.

TYRE.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

"It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God. I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease, and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard." — *Ezekiel* xxvi. 5, 13.

Five hundred years before the birth of Christ,
On Chebar's banks the holy prophet stood;
He was a man of God, and his great soul
Pondered the fate of nations. Now his eye
Pierced the dim Future, and before him shone,
Far down the course of time, things yet to be.

* * * * *

Silence was resting on the minarets
Of the imperial city. The clear ray
Of the up-risen sun was silvering o'er
The gilded turrets of her thousand domes,
And snow-white marble of her palaces;
But, to the Prophet's eye, her walls were rent,
And her proud temples shattered; e'en the soil,
Where lay her deep foundations, now was spread
Bare as the naked rock; then rose the Seer,
And, to the gathered multitude around,
Poured forth prophetic warning.

"Thy marble palaces arise
In dreamlike beauty to the skies;
Thy pillared temples, reared of old,
Gleam in the light, like burnished gold;
But soon the world shall read thy doom,
And thy proud city stand in gloom!

"Thy battlements, with frown sublime
Seem to defy the power of time;
But soon their iron strength shall rust,
And all their bulwarks fall in dust;
While the wild waves shall round thee roar
And nets be spread upon thy shore!

"Helmet and lance, and mace and spear,
On all thy massy walls appear;
Thy gates are thronged with warriors brave;
A thousand banners o'er thee wave;
But all shall sink beneath God's ire,
As flax before consuming fire!

"Thy merchants come o'er every sea,
Laden with gold and ivory;
Embroidered sails they each unfurl,
And plough the seas with freights of pearl,
But soon their treasures will have passed,
Like leaves before the howling blast;

"A shout of joy rings through thy skies,
As from the bowers of Paradise;
Now warbling echoes float along,
With silver flute and choral song;

But soon shall cease each joyous sound,
And Desolation reign around!

"Thus speaks to thee the living God,
'Thy feet the ways of death have trod,
Glorious without, but foul within,
Thy children eat the bread of sin;
Thus Ruin o'er their guilty path
Shall pour the vials of her wrath!'"

The Prophet paused, and in his mantle folds
Mournfully bowed his head. Ages went by; —
Then rang the shout of war, the tramp of steeds
Burst through the valleys. Chariots of brass
Rushed madly on, with horsemen clad in steel;
Before their shock the brazen gates gave way,
Temples and city walls shook with the crash,
Sharp arrows fell like hail, swords devoured flesh,
While battle-axe and spear were drunk with blood;
Crackling in flames sank tower and citadel,
While, wildly streaming 'mid the fearful blaze,
Waved Death's black banner!

Centuries have flown
And now the lonely fisher spreads his nets
On these deserted shores. Here the sea-bird
Builds her rude nest, and through the sultry day,
With her shrill scream, startles the solitude.

A NOVEMBER LANDSCAPE

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

How like a rich and gorgeous picture, hung
  In memory's storied hall, seems that fair scene,
O'er which long years their mellowing tints have flung
The way-side flowers had faded one by one,
Hoar were the hills, the meadows drear and dun,
  When homeward wending 'neath the dusky screen
Of the autumnal woods at close of day,
As o'er a pine-clad height my pathway lay,
  Lo! at a sudden turn the vale below
Lay far outspread, all flushed with purple light;
  Grey rocks and timbered woods gave back the glow
Of changing hues, fast fading into night;
Through the rich gloom the bright Moshassuck rolled
His rubied wave, braided with living gold;
While one fair, lonely star lay like a bride
In trembling beauty on the burning tide.

THE WIDOW'S HOPE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Sleep on, my babe, and in thy dream
  Thy father's face behold,
That love again may warmly beam
  From eyes now dark and cold.
His wonted fond embrace to give,
  To smile as once he smiled,
Again let all the father live,
  To bless his orphan child.

Thy mother sits these heavy hours
  To measure off with sighs;
And over life's quick-withered flowers
  To droop with streaming eyes.
For ah! our waking dreams, how fast
  Their dearest visions fade,
Or flee, and leave their glory cast
  For ever into shade!

And still, the doating, stricken heart,
  In every bleeding string
That grief has snapped or worn apart,
  Finds yet wherewith to cling;
And yet whereon its hold to take
  With stronger, double grasp,
Because of joys it held to break,
  Or melt within its clasp.

A blast has proved, that in the sand
I based my fair, high tower!
Pale Death has laid his rending hand
On my new Eden bower!
And now, my tender orphan boy,
Sweet bud of hope, I see
My spice of life, my future joy,
My all, wrapped up in thee.

I fear to murmur in the ear
Of Him who willed the blow,
And sent the King of Terrors here
To lay thy father low.
I ask his aid my griefs to bear,
To say, "Thy will be done."—
That Heaven will still in pity spare
The widow's only son.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"Grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair." — *Measure for Measure.*

It is a common saying, that no individual profits by another's experience, — there are few, we believe, that profit by their own; few to whom may not be justly applied that striking saying of Coleridge, that "experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which only illuminate the way that is passed." But, of all the scholars I have ever known in this ever-open school of experience, my friend, Mrs. Dunbar, is the most unteachable. With a fair portion of intellect, with a quick observation, and fifty years' acquaintance with the world, she is as trustful, as credulous, and as hopeful, as, when a child, she believed the rainbow was a rope, of *substantial*, woven light, with a golden cup at the end of it; that there was a real man standing in the moon, and that the sky would, one of these bright days, fall.

and we should catch larks. Being of a benevolen and equable temperament, her credulity has the most happy manifestations. Her faith in her fellow-creatures is implicit, and her confidence in the happiness of the future unwavering; so that, however dark and heavy the clouds may be at any given moment, she believes they are on the point of breaking away.

I have known but a single exception to the general and pleasant current of my friend's life. One anxiety and disappointment crossed her, which even her blessed alchymy could not gild or transmute. Her husband lost all his fortune; this was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar said, she saw no reason why they should not take their turn on Fortune's wheel; she did not doubt they should come up again, and, if they did not, why, her own private fortune was enough to secure them from dependence and want. Her husband had none of her philosophy, or, rather, happy temperament; — philosophy gets too much credit. He had an ambitious spirit, and his ambition had taken a direction very common in our cities; an aspiration after commercial reputation, and the wealth and magnificence that follow it. Mr. Dunbar had mounted to the very top rung of the ladder, when, alas, it fell! and his possessions and hopes were

prostrated. A fever seized him in the severest hour of disappointment, and the moral and physical pressure killed him. But this was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar loved and honored her husband without having any particular sympathy with him. He imparted none of his projects to her, and neither interfered with nor participated her quiet, every-day pursuits and pleasures; so that no harmonious partnership could be dissolved with less shock to the survivor. Mrs. Dunbar, beside the common-place solaces, on such occasions, such as, "We must all die," "Heaven's time is the best time," had a particular and reasonable consolation in being relieved from the sight of unhappiness that she could not remove or mitigate. This was not selfishness, but the necessity of her nature, which resembled those plants that cannot live unless they have sunshine, and plenty of it.

Mrs. Dunbar had one son, Fletcher, a youth of rare promise, who was just seventeen at his father's death. He most happily combined the character of his parents, — the aspiring and firm qualities of his father, and the bright spirit of his mother. His education had been most judiciously directed by his father; and his mother, without any system or plan whatever had, by the sponta

neous action of her own character, most happily moulded his affections. At seventeen, Fletcher Dunbar seemed to me the perfection of a youth; with a boyish freshness and playfulness, and a manly grace, generosity, and courtesy. Much more attention than is usual in our country had been given to the adornments of education; but his father, who had all respect to the solid and practical, had taken care that the weightier matters were not sacrificed; and he had a prompt reward. So capable and worthy of trust was Fletcher at his father's death, that the mercantile house in which he was clerk offered him, on advantageous terms, an agency for six years, in France and England. Mrs. Dunbar consented to his departure. But this parting of the widow from her only son, her only child, and such a child, was not *the* cross. "There was nothing like throwing a young man, who had his fortune to carve, on his own responsibilities," she justly said. "Fletcher would get good, and not evil, wherever he went. She should hear from him by every packet, and six years would soon fly away." And they did and this brings me to the story of that drop, that diffused its bitterness through the cup my friend till now had preserved sweet and sparkling.

The six years were gone: six years they had

been to Fletcher, of health, prosperity, and virtue. I need say nothing more for a young man who had been exposed to the temptations of London and Paris. The happy day and evening of his arrival had passed away. Uncles, aunts, and friends had thronged to welcome him, and gone to their homes, and Mrs. Dunbar was left alone with Fletcher and Ellen Fitzhugh.

I have said, that Mrs. Dunbar had but one child; but, if it be possible for the bonds of adoption to be as strong as those of nature, Mrs. Dunbar loved Ellen as well as if she had been born to her. This instance was enough to prove, that there may be the happiness of a maternal affection without the instincts of nature, or the feeling of property in the object, which more selfish natures than my friend's require. Ellen was the child of a very dear friend of Mrs. Dunbar, who, from a goodly portion of nine daughters, surrendered this, the fairest and best, to what she then deemed a happier destiny than she could in any other way secure for her.

I do not believe Mrs. Dunbar could have told which she loved best, Ellen Fitzhugh or her son; in truth, they were so blended in her mind that they made but one idea. When she saw Ellen, Fletcher was in her imagination; when she

thought of Fletcher, Ellen was the present visible type through which her thoughts and affections went out to him.

Now he had returned; they were under the same roof; — Fletcher was three and twenty, with a handsome fortune to begin the world with; and Ellen was just eighteen, with

> "a countenance, in which did meet
> Sweet records, promises as sweet;
> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Never was there a fitter original for this beautiful description of the poet, than Ellen Fitzhugh; and could there be any thing more natural than Mrs. Dunbar's firm belief, that Fletcher would set right about weaving into an imperishable fabric the golden threads she had been spinning for him?

The first evening had passed away; the old family domestics had received from Fletcher's hand some gift "far fetched," and enriched with the odor of kind remembrance; and Mrs. Dunbar and the young people lingered over the decaying embers, to talk over the thousand particulars that are omitted in the most minute correspond-

ence. "Pray tell me, Fletcher," asked Mrs. Dunbar, "who was that Bessie Elmore you spoke of so frequently in your last letters?"

"Bessie Elmore! Heaven bless her! She was the daughter of a lady who was excessively kind to me the last time I was in London. She bore a striking resemblance to Ellen, so I called her *cousin*, — a pretty title to shelter a flirtation; — I should inevitably have lost my heart, but for the presumption of asking her to give up her country."

"Was she very like Ellen?"

"Excessively; her laugh, too, always recalled Ellen's. She was a charming little creature!"

Ellen blushed slightly, and Mrs. Dunbar's happy countenance smiled all over as she said, "Ellen is very English in her looks."

"Yes, aunt, a 'rosy, sturdy little person,' as English Smith used to call me."

"Not too sturdy, Ellen," said Fletcher, "and not too little, — just as high as our hearts, mother, is she not?"

"She has always just filled mine," replied the delighted mother, who had already jumped to the conclusion that the affair was as good as settled, and the wedding, and the happy years to follow, floated in rich visions before her. She ventured on one question she was anxious to have

settled. "You have no occasion to go abroad again, Fletcher?"

"None. A happy home, in my own country has long been my 'castle in the air,' and now thank Heaven, I can give it a terrestrial foundation."

"Ellen is not the person to relish this 'taking for granted,'" thought Mrs. Dunbar; Fletcher should be more reserved.

Fletcher soon turned the current of her apprehensions. "Pray," he asked, "what is the reason, Ellen, that you and my mother have so seldom mentioned Matilda Preston in your letters of late?"

"We have seen much less of her than usual the winter past. Matilda cannot

'To a party give up what was meant for mankind.'

I suppose you know she has been a 'bright and particular star' this winter, — a belle?"

"Has she? I am sorry for it!"

"So is not Matilda. She enjoys her undisputed reign. She has, to those she chooses to please, captivating manners, and you know she is talented. The beaux, of a score of years standing, declare there has been nothing like her in their time. She is beset with admirers and lovers. She says she is obliged, when she goes

to a ball, to keep an ivory tablet under her belt, with a list of her partners. Some wag pasted up on Carroll Place, where the Prestons live, '*Apollo's Court*,' on account of the perpetual serenades there. Poor Rupert Selden told me, he had thrown away a half year's commissions on bouquets and serenades to her, which, in his own romantic phrase, had 'ended in smoke.' She is said to be engaged."

"Engaged!" Fletcher bit his nails for two or three minutes in deep abstraction, and then added, "To whom is she engaged?"

"Pray don't look so distressed, cousin; I only reported it as an *on dit*, — I forgot your flame for Matilda."

"Pshaw, Ellen! but who is the person?"

"The preëminent person at the present moment is Ned Garston."

"Ned Garston! a monkey, — impossible!"

"Oh, he is much improved by foreign travel, and, if still a monkey, a romantic monkey, a monkey *en beau*. He has put himself into the hands of some Parisian master of the science of transforming the deformed, and has come forth the *tableau vivant*, copied after a famous picture of some Troubadour in the Louvre."

"What do you mean, Ellen?"

"I mean, that Ned Garston's very pretty, black hair hangs in hyacinthine curls over the collar of his coat,—that he wears tresses, like a girl's, on each side of his face, and mustachios and whiskers that would befit a grand Sultan. The girls call him the Sublime Porte.'"

"And is it possible that Matilda Preston, that gifted, beautiful creature, is going to throw herself away upon this Jackanapes?"

"How wildly you talk, Fletcher!" interposed his mother, "you have not seen Matilda Preston since she was a mere child."

"But a rare child, my dear mother; Matilda Preston, at thirteen, was a fit model for sculpture and painting. She moved like a goddess, and her faculties were worthy such a form. Lord bless me, what a sacrifice!—is it a sacrifice to Mammon, Ellen?"

"Do not insist that the sacrifice is certain,"—

"I have no doubt it is his fortune," said Mrs. Dunbar, for the first time, I believe, in her life, turning a scale against an absent person that might have been struck in her favor, "that is to say, fortune and style. Garston has the most showy equipage in the city, and his family, you know, are all in the first fashion."

"The fashion would have more influence with

Matilda than fortune, I suspect. You know, aunt, she refused Stanhope Gilmore, who is very rich and very clever into the bargain."

"But you remember, Ellen, she told us her father would never have consented to her marrying a *loco-foco*."

"Loco-foco! what the mischief is that mother?"

"Why —— the lowest of the people, — an agrarian, you know, — a Tory."

"What does my mother mean, Ellen? I never heard such a confusing combination of terms."

"You surely know what we mean by Whigs and Tories?"

"Not I."

"Do you never read our newspapers?"

"Very seldom, — never the party papers. An American abroad is ashamed of the petty wrangling, virulence, and vulgarity of our political papers. We care only for the honor and prosperity of the country at large. We love our countrymen, by whatever name they are called, and it makes us heart-sick to take up one of our popular journals and see it proclaimed, that 'a crisis is at hand!' — that 'the country is on the brink of ruin!' that 'the constitution is in jeopardy!' and can only be saved by a doubtful ma-

jority, rallying with all their strength against a corrupt *faction*, about to prostrate the liberties of the country! The only way to keep your temper is never to look into a newspaper. But, pray, can you tell me what are these loco-foco Tories?"

Poor Mrs. Dunbar never disturbed the serene heaven of her mind with politics. She received a very vague impression from the persons she associated with, and in accordance with this impression, she now replied, "I don't know precisely, — I remember my father talking about the Tories in Revolutionary days being the enemies of their country, and I suppose it is just the same now."

Mrs. Dunbar answered in good faith. The changes of the last sixty years, the new formations, and the remodellings; the old parties with new names, and the new parties with old names, still existed in her mind as the ideas had originally entered it, as banded Whigs and Tories. Fletcher laughed at her reply and said, "I see, my dear mother, you are just where I left you. The loco-focos, I take it for granted, Ellen, are the administration party."

"Yes."

"And Stanhope Gilmore, sprung from the most aristocratic family in the State, is a loco-foco?

and Matilda Preston's father, of a purely democratic origin, belongs to the aristocratic party?"

"Just so."

"Well, thank Heaven, our party associations may make a great uproar, but they can never have the element of danger while they are so unstable and accidental!"

A ring at the door, and the entrance of a note "To Miss Fitzhugh," cut the thread of Fletcher's generalizations. He cast his eye on the note, and exclaimed, "That I am sure is from Matilda Preston, though I have not seen her writing for six years. If there is nothing private in it, will you allow me to look at it, Ellen?"

"Certainly, there is nothing private, only such a strange proposition!"

"Read it aloud, please, Fletcher," said Mrs. Dunbar; and Fletcher read as follows:

"DEAREST ELLEN,

"You are engaged to go to Mrs. Reeves's costume-ball to morrow evening. Some tiresome people have been persuading me to appear as Rebecca. Now I am well aware, that, in the article of beauty, I am not fitted to impersonate the lovely Jewess, but I am half inclined to try it, because I can so well arrange a dress for the

character. Mamma has a remnant of a last century's dress, a bright yellow India silk, embroidered with silver, that, with my ostrich feather and *agrafe*, will do admirably for the turban I do not quite comprehend Rebecca's *simarre*, but I think the boddice of my brocade will do as a substitute.

"My note was interrupted by a visit from Madame Salasuar. She offers me her diamonds, — *à bas* pride, I 'll wear them. They are essential to give the Eastern character of magnificence. Then, you know my 'sable tresses,' my 'aquiline nose,' my 'dark complexion,' and my 'Oriental eyes,' as De Ville will call them, will all work in as accessories, to give a *vraisemblance* to the *tableau vivant*.

"Now, my sweetest Ellen, I cannot appear as the Jewess, unless you will accompany me as the Lady Rowena. Pray, — pray do not refuse me, why should you?

"Perhaps you think '*l'obscurité convient aux femmes*'; — my dear, it will come soon enough when there are kitchens and nurseries for us to supervise, — let us buzz a little while in the sunshine first.

"Do you know a possible Ivanhoe among the invited? I do not. My acquaintances are all

party-going, unknightly gentry enough. Garston proposes to appear as Brian de Bois-Gilbert!!! The perverse winds and waves! if they had but sent us Fletcher Dunbar!" (Here the reader blushed, smiled, and hesitated. "Read on, my son," said his mother, impatiently, and on he stammered.) "A Palmer's dress, in which you know Ivanhoe first appears, would have been just the thing for Fletcher's advent from foreign land, though the uprooted oak, the device of his shield at the tourney, and the motto, *Desdichado*, (Disinherited,) would have ill fitted dear Mrs. Dunbar's heir-apparent. It is so intolerably provoking that he has not arrived, when he is probably within two days' sail of us. He is so clever and with such a born-hero look! Perhaps, after all, he might be cross and refuse; so let us be philosophers, and do as well as we can without him. You, dearest Ellen, will not refuse me? You will be the 'Queen of Love and Beauty'; I only the poor Jewess, who, you remember, the Prior of Jorvaulx swore was far inferior to the lovely Saxon Rowena."

"Is Matilda Preston out of her head?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. "A fitting character for you, truly, Ellen, that pompous, cold, disagreea-

ble, insipid Rowena. Don't think of it, my dear child."

"I shall not think of it for other reasons, aunt. I cannot conceive of any thing more absurd than for me to personate a beauty, — a *tall* beauty, too! born 'to the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage.'"

"I see no objection in that, my dear child. There are not half a dozen readers of Ivanhoe, who remember whether Rowena was tall or short; and as to beauty that is, as to what is really engaging and captivating, I am sure" ——

"Pray, dear aunt," ——

"The servant is waiting for an answer," said Mrs. Dunbar's maid.

"He shall have it instantly," replied Ellen, taking up her pen.

"Stop one moment, my dear cousin," said Fletcher, laying his hand on hers· "if it is not too disagreeable to you, say Yes. I should particularly like surprising Matilda, and joining you at this ball in the way she proposes. I do not see, that, in merely dressing in costume for Rowena, and calling yourself by that name, you arrogate to yourself beauty, and queenship, and all that. Where you make one of a group, the resemblance is a matter of inferior consequence.

Matilda's Jewess will be so striking, that she will shelter all our imperfections."

Ellen still hesitated, and looked perplexed, and Fletcher added, "I see it annoys you,— it is a sacrifice of your prepossessions, — write the note as you at first intended."

The word sacrifice seemed to Ellen to set her reluctance in a ridiculous light, and she felt ashamed of having hesitated, at this moment of Fletcher's return, to accede to a request that involved pleasure to him. "I will write it as *I should* have intended, if I had not been more thoughtful of myself than of others' pleasure. You must make up your mind, aunt, to my doing the Lady Rowena too much honor! Shall I tell Matilda I can find an Ivanhoe, and that we will meet her at Mrs. Reeves's at ten?"

"Thank you, Ellen, — yes, — but pray don't give a hint of my arrival; let us see, what was the Palmer's dress, — do you remember, mother?"

Mrs. Dunbar did not; but, believing and hoping in her heart it would be something so unsuitable as to induce Fletcher to abandon the project, she eagerly sought the first volume of Ivanhoe on the book-shelf, and gave it to him. Fletcher opened at the entrance of the Palmer into Roth-

erwood. "'A mantle of coarse, black serge,'" he read aloud, "admirable! that is easily got up, and can be easily thrown aside. 'Coarse sandals bound with thongs on his bare feet.' By your leave Sir Palmer, I shall not meddle with those. 'A broad and shadowy hat, with cockle-shells stitched on its brim.' Excellent! 'A long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm.' As we are not to tramp to Holy Land, we will omit the shoeing. The branch of palm is the grand point. That can be got from my old friend Thorburn."

"And what is Ellen's dress to be?" asked Mrs. Dunbar, — "I hope that will not be forgotten."

"My dear mother, forgive me, — Ellen was busy with her note, — finished and sent is it! — you always execute while others are planning, Ellen. Ah, here is the description; 'Hair betwixt brown and flaxen,' — yours has a touch of the auburn, — the Saxon red."

"Red!" interposed Mrs. Dunbar, "Ellen's hair red! it has a true golden tinge."

"*Red* gold, mother."

"At any rate, Fletcher, it is not red, flaxen, or brown; I might have remembered Rowena's hair was flaxen, — every thing about her was unmeaning."

"'Her hair,'" proceeded Fletcher, "'was braided with gems.'"

"Le Fleur will manage all that," said Mrs. Dunbar, "with my set of pearl." She began to feel a little womanly interest in the getting up of the dress.

"'A golden chain,'" proceeded Fletcher, "'to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck.' That, my dear cousin, you must allow me to manage, that is, if a cross will do in place of a reliquary, and, as they are both symbols of the same religion, I do not see why it will not." He unlocked a very beautiful dressing-case, which he now told Ellen he had brought for her, and took from it a rich gold chain, with an exquisitely wrought cross attached to it. "I brought this prophetically," he said, clasping it round Ellen's neck.

"Would the chain, and not the *cross*, had been prophetic!" thought Mrs. Dunbar, and she heaved a deep sigh.

"The memory of affection is always prophetic, Fletcher," said Ellen; "it links the memory of past to future kindness."

"What, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dunbar; "I don't clearly understand you."

The chain and the cross were too suggestive

to Ellen's mind to admit of any very clear explanation. Fletcher's quick eye perceived her embarrassment, and, imputing it to the awkwardness that very commonly attends receiving a gift, he went on with the book. "'Her dress was an under gown and kirtle of pale green silk.'"

"Your new gown is the very thing, Ellen," interrupted Mrs. Dunbar; "how fortunate! *green*, your own color."

"Ellen's color the emblem of desertion! mother?"

"No, no indeed, Fletcher; no one who has ever loved Ellen could forsake her."

Fletcher, all unconscious of the feeling that was bubbling up from his mother's heart, coolly proceeded in his trying process. "Here is a stumbling-block! 'The Lady Rowena wore a long, loose crimson robe, manufactured of the finest wool, which reached to the ground.'"

"A stumbling-block? by no means, Fletcher; Amande can convert my India shawl into such a robe without the least injury to it, and I 'll answer for it the Lady Rowena's mantle was cowlas to that. Is there any thing else?"

"'A veil of silk interwoven with gold.'"

"My Brussels lace will be just the thing, it is magnificent, and will shelter without concealing."

At another time Ellen's right joyous spirit would have found merriment enough in the project of arraying her little, unobtrusive person in a crimson robe, flowing to the ground, and at the simplicity of good Mrs. Dunbar, in supposing she could carry off any thing "magnificent." She had another kind of veil to wear. for the first time in her life, to conceal her feelings, and to assume cheerfulness she did not feel.

Mrs. Dunbar retired for the night. Ellen, after despatching some trifling home affairs, was following her, when Fletcher, who had been leaning abstractedly on his elbow, said, "Ellen do not go; I have something to say to you." Ellen turned with a beating and foreboding heart. "Tell me, Ellen, honestly, is it your belief that Matilda Preston is engaged to Garston?"

"I do not believe she is."

"Why are you in such haste? sit down,—there, thank you; but do not look as if I had murder to confess,—I have only to tell you the weakness and the strength of my heart. You know, my dear Ellen,—cousin,—sister, I should rather call you, for, without any tie of blood, no sister was ever dearer, there is no one but you to whom I can communicate my feelings, projects and hopes,—from whom I can take coun-

sel. To begin, then, when I left America you and Matilda Preston were very intimate. I do not find you so much so now; what is the cause of this alienation?"

"There is no alienation, Fletcher; we are intimate still."

"Affectionately intimate?"

"Matilda is very kind, — very affectionate to me."

"And you not so to her? I am sure you never repelled affection with coldness. There must be some reason for this. My mother, too, seems to have a prejudice against Matilda; pray be frank with me, Ellen."

Frankness was Ellen's nature. She was one of the few beings in this world, who are thoroughly and habitually, by nature and by grace, true. For the first time a cloud had passed over her clear spirit. She began to speak, faltered, began again, and finally said; "It may be more mine than Matilda's fault, that we are less intimate than formerly. Our circumstances, our tastes are different. I think Matilda is much what she was when you left us, — that is, — that is, allowing for the difference between a school-girl and a belle, Fletcher."

"A belle! — how I hate the term. But how

could it be otherwise in a city atmosphere, with Matilda's beauty, talents, and accomplishments? I see she is not quite to your taste, Ellen; I am sorry for it, but this is better than I feared. Now for my confession, in brief. When I left you, I was a reserved boy. Neither you, nor my mother, probably, ever suspected my predilection, but for two years I had been desperately in love with Matilda Preston. I believed she loved me. We exchanged many a love-token, many a promise. It is true she was a mere child, I a mere boy; but there are such childish loves on record, Ellen. The germ of the fruit is in the unfolding bud. It may, after all, have been, on her part, a little innocent foolery, forgotten long ago; but, if so, I was coxcomb enough to take it all in dead earnest. Through my six years of absence I have cherished, lived upon, these remembrances. All my projects, all my successes have blended with the thought of Matilda; and, blessed by Heaven in my enterprises, I have now come home determined to throw myself at her feet, if I find her what memory and a lover's faith have painted her." Fletcher fixed his eye on Ellen Hers fell. "Will you not, — *can* you not, Ellen, give me a 'God speed'?"

The flush on Ellen's cheek faded to a deadly

paleness. After a moment's hesitation, she summoned her resolution; and, raising her eye to meet Fletcher's, replied, with a tolerably steady voice, "Do not ask a 'God speed' of me now, Fletcher;— wait till you have seen Matilda, and studied her character, as you ought to study that on which the happiness of your life is to depend: and then, if your ripened judgment confirms your youthful preference, you shall have my"—"God speed," she would have said, but her honest tongue refused to utter the word to which her heart did not answer, and adding, "my earnest wishes,— my prayers," she burst into irrepressible tears, and, horror-struck at what she feared was a betrayal of her true feelings she fled, without even a "good night," to her own apartment.

The truth did once flash across Fletcher's mind. "It is a phenomenon to see Ellen in tears, save at some touching tale or known grief," he thought; "Ellen, with her ever bright, buoyant spirit,— her 'obedient passions, will resigned.' Has my dear, imprudent mother, with her equal fondness for us both, been kindling a spark of tenderness in Ellen's heart?" The thought was no sooner conceived than rejected. There was no latent vanity in Fletcher's mind to please itself with cherishing it. It was happily improbable.

and it soon gave place to thick-coming and most pleasant fancies. But one cloud hovered over them, — Mrs. Dunbar's and Ellen's too evident distrust of Matilda. "I will 'study her character,' and abide by the decision of my 'ripened judgment,'" resolved Fletcher. Alas for the judgment of a young man of three and twenty as to a talented beauty of nineteen, with the desperate make-weight against it of a long-cherished love!

When love takes possession of a mind perfectly sane in other respects, it acts like a monomania. This one idea has an independent existence, a complete ascendency, and absolute rule. The faculties of perception, comparison, judgment, have no power to modify, — the will no control over it. An angel, surely, should keep

> "Strict charge and watch, that ——
> No evil thing approach or enter in"

the paradise of the affections.

The trials of the evening were not over for Ellen. It was her invariable custom to undress in Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, and to have a little gossip over the interests of the closing day, and the anticipations of the leaf of life next to be turned, before they parted for the night. This is the

hour, that, of all others, unlocks the treasures of the heart. Memory pours out her hoarded stores, and young hope shows, by her magic lantern, her visions of the future.

Ellen had often sat with her loving friend over the dying embers, reading and re-reading the passages in Fletcher's letters, where he dwelt on the fond remembrances of home. Every mention of Ellen, and the letters abounded with them, his mother repeated and repeated, and always with an emphasis and smile, that sometimes made Ellen's blood tingle to her fingers' ends. And yet, simple as a child, the good woman never dreamed that she was communicating her faith and hopes, and awakening feelings never to sleep again. This she knew, as a matter of principle and discretion, would not be right; and, while she never said to Ellen, in so many words, "My heart is set on your marrying Fletcher, and I am sure his is, even more than mine," she did not suspect she was conveying this meaning in every look, word, and motion. And even now, when the pillars of her "castle in the air," were tumbling about her head, she had no apprehension that Ellen would be crushed by them. They were to meet now for the first time, with the most painful feeling to loving and trusting friends, that

their hearts must be hidden with impenetrable screens; but, such was the transparency of dear Mrs. Dunbar's heart, that, put what she would before it, the disguise melted away in the clear light, — to tell the truth, Ellen's was little better her safety was in the dim sight of the eye to be eluded.

She washed away her tears, called up all the resolution she could muster, and repaired to Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, whom she hoped she might find by this time in bed, and get off with her "good-night kiss"; but, instead of this, she was pacing up and down the room, not a pin removed.

"Dear aunt, not in bed yet?"

"No, my dear child, — I did not feel like sleeping the first night, you know, of Fletcher's being here; — it 's natural to have a good many wakeful thoughts of past times, and so forth." While saying this she had turned her back, and was busying herself at the bureau, the tone of her voice, and the frequent use of her handkerchief, conveying the state of her feelings as precisely to Ellen, as her streaming eyes would, had she shown them.

"Now you are at the bureau, aunt, please to take out your crimson shawl," said Ellen, luckily hitting on an external object to engage their

attention. Mrs. Dunbar fumbled at the drawers long enough to give herself time to clear her voice and dry her eyes, and then, throwing the shawl into Ellen's lap, she said, "You are welcome to that, and every thing else I have in the world, God knows, my dear child; but I don't wish you to go to Mrs. Reeves's to-morrow evening, — I don't think you will enjoy yourself."

"It 's no very rare thing, at a party, not to enjoy one's self, aunt. I shall certainly have the pleasure of obliging Fletcher."

"That 's true, Ellen; — but then it was not like him to ask you, when he saw it was so disagreeable to you. I don't see why he should set his heart upon this foolish Ivanhoeing."

"But you see *why he does*, aunt" Ellen spoke with a smile, melancholy, in spite of her efforts.

"Yes, I do, I do!" cried Mrs. Dunbar, her tears gushing forth afresh; "I see that Fletcher has the most unexpected, incomprehensible, unreasonable, unfortunate, strange, dreadful, wonderful, and amazing interest in Matilda Preston. I had never so much as thought of it, — it 's insanity, Ellen, — he is as blind as a beetle."

"It is a blindness, aunt, that is not like to be cured by the presence of Matilda Preston."

"That 's just what I feel, Ellen. Men are always carried away with beauty. I thought Fletcher was an exception; but he is not, or he would tell the gold from the glittering."

"But, aunt, you do Matilda and Fletcher injustice. She has fine qualities; and, if what you now expect should happen, you will look on Matilda with very different eyes."

"Never, Ellen, never in the world, — she will always seem to stand between me and — I mean, — I can't tell *you*, Ellen, what I mean. But this I will say, come what will, no one can ever take your place to me, — you are the child of my heart, — you have grown up at my side, — I can never love another daughter; — whomever you marry, Ellen, wherever you go, your home shall be my nome."

"No, no, aunt," said Ellen, hiding her tearful face on the bosom of her faithful friend, "I shall never marry, — *never*." And before Mrs. Dunbar could reply, she gave her good-night kiss and left the room.

"Is it possible she could have understood me?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. After a little reflection she quieted her apprehensions with the thought that she had a hundred times before spoken just as plainly, and Ellen had not suspected what she

meant. She was like the child, who, shutting his own eyes, fancies no one can see him.

When Ellen left Mrs. Dunbar's room, she went mechanically down stairs to perform her last household duty, which was to see that the doors were secured. On the floor, at the street-door, she perceived a note; and, on taking it up, saw it was addressed to a Miss Littell, Miss Preston's dress-maker, who lived opposite the Dunbars'. It had been accidentally dropped by Miss Preston's careless servant. It was unsealed, and Ellen, taking it for granted it related to something about the costume for the Reeves party, and that it might be important to have no delay in getting it into the hands of the *artiste*, rang the bell for the servant, intending to send it, though the hour was unseasonable. Diana, Mrs. Dunbar's crippled old cook, called out from the kitchen stairs to Miss Ellen, that "Daniel had just gone up to bed." Daniel, like his pagan mate, Diana, had lived out, and overstayed his lease of threescore and ten with kind Mrs. Dunbar; and Ellen, hesitating to call him down, ventured to open the note, to see if it were a matter of any importance. It contained only the following three lines:

"Pray, Miss Littell, if you have any dealings

with Mrs. D.'s family, do not mention that you informed me of the arrival of her son.

"M. P ——."

'I thought so!" exclaimed Ellen, involuntarily. "What is it, Ellen? What did you think?" asked Fletcher, who, unheard by her, had just come into the open door for something he had left behind.

"Oh, nothing, — nothing at all," said she. He playfully attempted to wrest the note from her hand, till, seeing she anxiously retained it, he desisted, and she returned to her own apartment, where she breathed freely for the first time for many hours, and where she spent a long, sleepless night in expelling from her mind her shattered hopes, and forming her plans for the future.

"Ought I not," she said, in her self-examination, "to have obeyed the first impulse of my heart, and when Fletcher appealed to me, to have told him frankly my opinion of Matilda. After much meditation the response of her conscience was a full acquittal. She had done all that the circumstances of the case and her relations to the parties allowed, in withholding her 'God speed' till Fletcher's ripened judgment should authorize his decision. She reflected, that Matilda's char-

acter had seemed to her to have the same radical faults six years before, that it had now, and that in spite of them, Fletcher loved her then. Perhaps she judged those faults too strictly. Perhaps her judgment was tinged by her self-love; for she was conscious, that, in the points so offensive to her, she was constitutionally the opposite of Matilda Preston. She looked again at Matilda's discrepant notes of that evening, and charitably allowed, that she had at first felt too much displeasure at what struck her as absolutely false, but what, after all, might be an innocent stratagem to get up a dramatic scene, and perhaps to shelter emotions at a first meeting with Fletcher. "But oh, Matilda, why *always* a stratagem? Why never let the appearance answer to the reality? Why never trust yourself to simple truth?" Because Matilda was afraid, that truth would not serve her so well as she could manage for herself. We have no doubt our friends, the Phrenologists, would, with a very fair intellectual developement, have found a great predominance of the organs of self-esteem, love of approbation, and cautiousness on Matilda's head. She had an intense love of admiration, not merely of her personal charms, for her preëminent beauty was settled by universal suffrage, and she

nad no anxiety about it; but she would be thought, in all the circle of her acquaintance, to be the most capable of disinterested friendship and of self-sacrificing love; her tastes were in favor of all the virtues, — she really wished to be amiable and excellent; but the virtues have their price, and they will not abate one jot or tittle; — that price is self-abasement, self-forgetfulness, and generosity. "Hard it is to climb their steeps;" and they can only be achieved by painful and persevering efforts. At the first real trial appearances vanish like vapor, — there is no cheating in the long run in the matter of goodness.

With all Matilda's fine taste, with her susceptibility to opinion, and her eager desire of praise, she was no favorite. Her intense selfishness would penetrate all disguises, — her consciousness of herself was always apparent, — there was never a spontaneous action, word, or look. In all this she was the very opposite of Ellen, who, most strictly watchful of the inner world, let the outer take care of itself. This gave a freedom and simplicity to her manners, and a straightforwardness to all her dealings, that inspired confidence. Matilda, in the midst of her most brilliant career, had, whenever silent, an expres-

sion of care and dissatisfaction, — a rigidity and contraction of the upper lip, (often criticized as the only imperfection of her beauty,) that betrayed the puerile anxieties in which she was involved, the web she was perpetually weaving or ravelling. There is no such tell-tale as the human countenance, or rather, we should say (with more reverence) God has set his seal of truth upon it, and no artifice has ever yet obscured the Divine impression. Ellen Fitzhugh's lovely face was the mirror of truth, cheerfulness, and affection.

"There is no use," thought Ellen, as she pursued the meditations in which we left her, "in trying to conceal my feelings, — I cannot, — I never did in my life, — I must just set to work and overcome them. Dear Mrs. Dunbar, all those sweet fancies that you and I have been so busily weaving, the last six years, must be sacrificed at once and for ever; and I must just learn to think of Fletcher, as I did when a little girl, — as a dear, kind brother; — that should be, — it *shall be*, enough." This resolution was made with many showers of tears, and sanctified with many prayers, ejaculated from the depths of her heart; and, once made, she set about, with most characteristic promptness, contriving the means for carrying it into execution.

"In the first place," thought she, "I must have something extraordinary to occupy me, or I shall be constantly, and oh how painfully, watching Fletcher's every look and action; in spite of myself, I shall be hoping and fearing. This must not be, for I know how it must all end! It occurred to her, that it was nearly as important to divert Mrs. Dunbar's attention as her own, and a lucky thought came into her head. Mrs. Dunbar's physician had been urging her, for some weeks, to have a little wen removed, that was growing in a dangerous neighbourhood to her eye. Mrs. Dunbar was timid and procrastinating; but, with Fletcher's aid, Ellen felt sure of persuading her this was the very best time for the operation. Then she determined at once to put in execution a project she had conceived, of teaching a poor, young blind girl, a pensioner of Mrs. Dunbar's, music. Ellen was an accomplished musician; and she certainly was not over sanguine in believing, that the prospect of qualifying a drooping, dependent creature to earn an independent existence, would make sunshine for some hours of every day.

With these, and other similar plans in her head, which were necessarily deferred till after the Reeves ball, Ellen appeared the next morn-

ing with a light and strong heart, and a correspondent face, voice, and manner. Oh, if rightly put to the test, what unthought of powers there are in those who every day yield themselves the passive victims to uncontrollable circumstances;

> "powers
> That touch each other to the quick, in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

Ellen talked over with Fletcher, with real interest and unaffected cheerfulness, the arrangements for the evening. If she had put into action all of Talleyrand's diplomacy, she could not so thoroughly have convinced him, that his surmise of the preceding evening was unwarranted. Half of Mrs. Dunbar's griefs were removed by the conviction, that her favorite did not share them!

We could fill a volume with the details of the ball, and the circumstances of the following six weeks, and all the developements of character and feeling which came from them; but we must cut down our history to the dimensions of its Procrustes' bed. We must say for our favorite Ellen, that, bating a few inches of stature, she did honor to the character she so reluctantly assumed. Her usually sparkling eyes were languid from the sleeplessness of the preceding night, and

her color, which, in heated rooms, was apt to be uncomfortably high, was abated and fluctuating, and her dress, so happily arranged and judiciously modified, that the Saxon beauty, for once, fairly divided the suffrages with the brilliant Rebecca. But with the mere externals ended all resemblance to the truth of the characters. The Palmer, the Christian devotee, had nor eye, nor ear, but for the proscribed Jewess; and Rebecca was all delight at finding, beneath the broad brim of cockle-shells, and the *Slavonian*, the contour and air of a very elegant young man, who, she felt assured, had returned no less her ardent lover than the boy she had parted with six years before. She managed her prepared surprise so awkwardly, that Ellen wondered at Fletcher's blindness. He was indeed blind! As to poor Garston, he was so enchanted with himself in the Templar's costume, that he never once dreamed how near he was to a more portentous overthrow than that of his prototype on the field of Ashby de la Zouch.

We must pass over the next six weeks with merely saying, that Ellen executed her plans,—that Mrs. Dunbar found, in the complete success of a dreaded operation, a very considerable counteraction to what she still maintained was by far

the greatest grief of her life. But it was plain that even in no selfish grief could her benevolent feelings be merged. She was exceedingly excited with Ellen's marvellous success with her musical pupil, and she had the most eager pleasure, every day, in the result of a subscription Ellen had set on foot for the yet unpublished book of a poor author, or, rather, a very poor man, and good author. We must confess, that Ellen had her hours of conflict, agitation, and despondency, when life was a burden; but even then, though the eclipse seemed total to her, she saw light beyond the shadow. Is there ever total darkness to the good?

Fletcher made her his confidante. This was a pretty severe trial; but she tried to feel, and did feel, in some measure, the sympathy he expected; and she was prepared by degrees for the final communication, that he and Matilda had plighted faith. In spite of her resolutions and efforts she turned excessively pale, and tried in vain to command her voice to speak; but this did not surprise Fletcher. All deep emotions are serious. He had never himself been more so than at this moment of the attainment of the dearest, the long-cherished wish of his heart. One hour before he had felt a pang that he in vain tried to

forget, when, while their mutual vows were still warm on their lips, Matilda had left him in haste lest she should not be the first at the opening of a newly-arrived case of French millinery! How painfully contrasted this with Ellen's emotion, — with his own; and a thought arose through the mists of his mind, repressed as soon as perceived, that there were more points of sympathy between him and Ellen Fitzhugh, than he had found with Matilda.

As to poor Mrs. Dunbar, whom Ellen trusted she had quite prepared for the crisis, she took to her bed, upon the first intimation of it, with a head-ache that lasted, unintermitted, as never had head-ache, or *heart-ache*, with her before, for three days. In vain Matilda came to ask her blessing. Mrs. Dunbar was unaffectedly too ill to receive her. "With God's help and time," said the good lady to Ellen, "I will do my duty to Fletcher's wife; but as to seeing Matilda Preston now, that 's quite impossible, — and as to ever loving her as a child, as I do you, my own dear Ellen that 's not to be looked for. — 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.'" Mrs. Dunbar was no philosopher, — her instincts alone had led her to the discovery of the great truth, that our volitions have no power over our affections.

Ellen, now that all was decided, kept her eyes

resolutely on the bright side. "I am very sorry aunt," she said, "you did not feel equal to see ing Matilda this morning; I have seen her more brilliant, but never one half so interesting. Love has given an exaltation to all her feelings. — has breathed a soul into her face. There was a gentleness and a deference in her manners to Fletcher, that is quite new to her. She feels his superiority, and it may work wonders on her character."

"Do you think so, Ellen? — well, — for Fletcher's sake, — God bless him! — I 'll hope for the best. I am not an observing person, Ellen; but I have often remarked, that love, like showers from Heaven, is reviving to the thinnest soil, and every thing is fresh, and sweet, and beautiful for a little while; but the flowers soon fade, — the grass withers, — nature will take a natural course."

"But, aunt," replied Ellen, with a smile, "may not grace subdue nature?"

No, my dear, no; it may help nature on in its own way, but not change it. I am sure I have tried my best for the last six weeks to put down nature; but it is too strong for me, Ellen." Mrs. Dunbar wiped away a flood of tears, and then went on. "Ellen, I have been thinking this was a good time, while we are all

so wretched,— I mean, while I am, — to speak to Fletcher about looking over that private desk of his father's. Will you take it to him, dear? You know I have never looked into it. Before strangers come into the family, it is best to have papers that concern no one but us, disposed of. You need not say that to Fletcher; but I can trust you, dearest child, to say nothing to him that appears unfriendly to Matilda; — just give him the desk and key."

Ellen did so; and, at the first leisure moment, Fletcher sat down to its examination. He found nothing of particular interest till he came to a file of letters, marked, "Correspondence with Selden Fitzhugh." Before transcribing the only two letters of interest to the reader, it is necessary to premise, that the elder Dunbar and Fitzhugh had been intimate from their childhood, and that, after their marriage, the closest friendship united their families. A letter from Fletcher's father to his friend, which seemed to have been written soon after his failure, ran thus:

"Dear Fitzhugh,

"My ruin is total. The labors, the enterprises, the successes of twenty years, are wrecked, — nothing remains. I am the victim, in part, of the

folly of others, in part, I confess it with shame of my own grasping. I had competence, I desired riches, and thus it has ended. But the worst is to come, my dear friend. I have made shipwreck of your little fortune, as well as of my own hopes. I have been obliged to give up all my property to satisfy my indorsers, according to the received notion, that debts to them are debts of honor, and I have not wherewith to pay a penny of the thirty thousand dollars you trusted to me without bond, mortgage, or security of any sort. This is the requital of your generous, but too rash friendship!

"Fitzhugh, I am a heart-broken man. My hope and energy are gone. If it were not so, I might promise you a day of restitution, — I should expect it myself; but all before me is dark and dreary. Even now I feel as if a fever were drying up the fountains of life. Forgive me, — pity me, my dear friend; I curse my own folly. You will not curse me, but, believe me, I would coin my heart's blood to make you restitution.

"Your miserable friend,

"F. Dunbar.'

The following answer to Mr. Dunbar's letter

was dated at Mr. Fitzhugh's country residence, and written a week later than his.

"Dear Dunbar,

"I am truly sorry for your misfortunes; but, my dear fellow, take heart of grace. If you have made a total shipwreck, as you say, why so has many a good fellow before you. The storm will pass, — you can fit out again; only don't carry quite so much sail, and take out a clearance for some other port than *El Dorado*. As to my money, believe me, on my honor, after the first surprise and shock were over, the loss has not given me a moment's uneasiness. I would not have put the money at risk for myself, or you, if I had not secured an adequate provision for my good wife, and *eight* dear little girls, and Ellen into the bargain, if ever she comes home to us. Our wants are moderate, and our supplies sufficient; and, believe me, a few thousand dollars to be added to the inheritance of each of my girls would not make one of our bright hours brighter. They will never hear of the loss, for I have taken care they should not count upon money that I had subjected to the chances of mercantile life. I have been thus particular to tranquillize you, my dear friend. If finally you

retrieve your circumstances, you will pay the debt, and all will be well; — and, if you never pay it, — why it will be just as well.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"SELDEN FITZHUGH."

"God bless and reward you, noble, *dear* friend," was an indorsement on the back of this letter, dated two days before Mr. Dunbar's death, and written by himself, evidently with a weak and tremulous hand.

Fletcher had read and re-read the letters, and had sat for an half hour meditating on their contents, when Matilda, who had called, on an appointment with Ellen, opened the door, and, seeing him deep in occupation, was retreating, when he said, "Pray come in, Matilda, you are the person I most wished to see."

"That, I trust, is not very singular! But what is the matter, Fletcher? Are you making your will?"

"I am thinking over the disposition of my worldly effects," he replied, with a very faint smile. "Will you read these letters, Matilda?"

"Yes; but, for Heaven's sake, don't look so solemn; I should think they were from the dead to the living."

They are — read them, and tell me what you think of them."

Matilda read his father's, while Fletcher perused her countenance with a far deeper interest than she evinced. "I see nothing very particular in this," she said. "Your poor father seems to have taken his failure sadly to heart. I never heard before that Mr. Fitzhugh lost by him. But the Fitzhughs are very well off for the country, and I suppose it did not matter much. Ellen was probably adopted by your mother as an offset."

"No; my mother never knew any thing of the business."

"No! Oh, I forgot, — Ellen has lived here all her life. But why are you so sad, dear Fletcher, — there is no use in fretting over past troubles?"

"You have read but one of the letters, Matilda," said Fletcher, coldly, without noticing her last reply!

"So I see; but I was thinking so much more of you than of the letters!" She read Mr. Fitzhugh's. Fletcher's eye was riveted to her face; there was no change of color, no moistening of the eye, the return messages of a kindred spirit to a generous action. "How well he took it!"

she said in her ordinary tone of voice. "I have often heard your mother say, that Ellen was just like her father, making the best of every thing,—'from evil still educing good.'" Matilda saw that Fletcher expected something more from her; but what, exactly, she could not divine. "Mr. Fitzhugh's letter must have been a balm to your father's wounded spirit, just at that sad time," she added, and paused again. A servant entered and filled the awkward interval with some good reason why Miss Ellen could not keep her appointment.

"I am not sorry," said Matilda, when the door closed, "for now, dear Fletcher, you will go with me."

"No, Matilda, I cannot."

"But you will," she urged, laying her hand persuasively on his shoulder, and with a look that would have seemed to defy denial. "Come, come away, Fletcher, from these musty papers,—you will be devoured with blue devils; come, I must go, and I will not go without you."

"You must excuse me."

"You are unkind, Fletcher," said Matilda, and her starting tears showed that she could feel keenly. Her pride would not brook any further entreaty, and she abruptly left the room, not doubting, however, that she should be intercepted, or

immediately followed by her penitent lover. But she reached her own home unmolested, and retired to her own apartment, hurt and offended, and resolved, when Fletcher should come to his senses, to be unrelenting. There was ring after ring at the street-door, and visiter after visiter was announced; but the only one she cared for came not, and to every one else she was denied. At last the servant brought a note from Fletcher. "There must be something more than one note," thought Matilda, as she broke it open. The current of her feelings was somewhat changed as she read what follows:

"My dearest Matilda,

"Forgive me, I pray you. I have seemed unreasonable and sullen to you, and I have done you in my heart more wrong than I have expressed. That heart is wholly yours, and no feeling it harbours shall ever be hidden from you The truth was, that I expected the letters would have called forth more feeling than they did. I ought to have reflected (and I have since), that our feelings depend much on our humors, — that your mind was preoccupied, — and that, having no particular interest in the parties, you could not participate the strong and painful sympathy

that then thrilled every nerve in my frame. I was wrong, and again, on my knees, I beg you to forgive me! I have bound myself to tell the whole truth; and I must confess, that I expected still more, — that I expected you would anticipate the conclusions which of course were instinctive with me; but I should have remembered, my dear Matilda, that women, having no business habits or notions, the duty devolving on me at this moment would not have occurred to you. That duty plainly is, to pay my father's debt to the Fitzhughs. There is no legal obligation, but a moral obligation, and an added debt of gratitude, that no human law could make more binding, or could invalidate. If I had a family dependent on me, there might be a question; but, situated as I am, there can be none. The debt, with its accumulation of interest, will swallow up nine tenths of the property I have acquired; but, with the remnant, with rare experience *for three and twenty*, with business talents, and a fair reputation, I shall soon go forward again. That event, which is to be the crowning joy of my life, must be deferred for two years. This is no small trial of my philosophy, — of my religion (for I will use the right word); but, with this bright reward ever in view, no labors, no difficulties will daunt my

spirit. Dearest, *dearest* Matilda, forgive me for having for a moment doubted you. It was the first time. I believe, as I believe in all truth, it will be the last."

The following brief note, in pencil, was returned by the servant:

"Come to me at nine, this evening. I shall be alone and disengaged then, and not till then. In the mean time, make no disclosures of your intentions to your mother, to Ellen, or to any one."

The interval was one of reposeful confidence to Fletcher, and of that celestial joy that springs from an ability, and an immovable resolution, to perform a right action at a great personal sacrifice. We claim for him no great merit in yielding the money. Any right-minded *young* man, full of health and hope, and conscious capacity, might have done this without a pang; but Fletcher was a passionate lover, and he had to encounter the miserable uncertainties of a hope deferred.

Let us see how the interval was passed by Matilda. After much agitating self-deliberation

she called her mother to her counsel. Mrs. Preston was the prototype of her daughter, save that what was but in the gristle with the daughter, had hardened into bone with the mother, and save that Matilda, from having had an education very much superior to Mrs. Preston's, had certain standards and theories of virtue in her mind's eye, that had never entered the mother's field of vision. Matilda, too, from having been all her short life in fashionable society, did not estimate it at so high a rate as her mother, who had paid for every inch of ground she had gained there.

Matilda related her last interview with Fletcher, and showed his note. "Do you believe," said Mrs. Preston, after reading it, "that Fletcher Dunbar will be so absurd as to adhere to this plan?"

"I am sure he will. He is perfectly inflexible when he makes up his mind to what he thinks a duty, however ridiculous it may appear to others."

"Of course, my dear, you are absolved from your engagement."

"If I choose to be."

"If you choose! My dear Matilda, you know how much it was against my wishes that you should form this engagement, — that you should

give up the most brilliant match in the city for what, at the very best, would be merely a genteel establishment. But the idea of your going into the shade at once, giving up every thing, and living, perhaps, at lodgings, or setting up housekeeping with two servants that you must look after all day, and spend your evenings making your husband's shirts, by a single astral lamp, ride in an omnibus (you might ride in that splendid carriage), and treat yourself, perhaps, to one silk gown a year,—and all for what? To humor the notions of a young man, who is in no respect superior to Garston, except that he is rather taller, and has a straighter nose, and darker, larger eyes, not much larger either!"

Mrs. Preston had struck a wrong note. Matilda shrunk back from the path her mother was opening, as the images of her two lovers passed before her.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there is a horrid difference between them; and if I only could persuade Fletcher to abandon this notion"—

"Well, my dear, in my opinion, if he loves you, he will;—if he does not, why then you lose nothing and gain every thing. Luckily your engagement is a secret, as yet, and you have

taken no irretrievable step. Garston was here this morning, — a look could bring him back to you."

"But, mamma, to give up what I have been so long dreaming of?" "Yes, and what every young girl dreams of, and wakes up betimes to pretty dull realities. How should you like, for instance, to wash the breakfast things, and stir up a pudding, — to wash and dress your children, and make a bowl of gruel for your dear mamma-in-law?"

"Oh detestable!" Matilda pondered for a few moments, and then said, "I really think, if Fletcher loves me, he will sacrifice his feelings to me. I am sure he owes it to me, after the sacrifice I made to him; — I have certainly proved myself disinterested, but I do not like to be treated as if I could be set aside, and wait for the working of any fancy that comes up. I will tell him so, — I am resolved. He must take the responsibility of deciding it."

The evening came, and, when the clock struck nine, Fletcher entered Miss Preston's drawing-room, his fine countenance beaming with the serenity and trustfulness of his heart; but Matilda's first look sent a thrill through it, that was like the snapping of the chords of a musical instrument at the moment it is felt to be in perfect

rune. She advanced towards him, and gave him her hand as usual, and she smiled; but it was a mere muscular movement, the expression was any thing but a smile. Her beautiful face had all the rigidity that a fixed and painful purpose could give to it; but it was a purpose that depended on a contingent, and to that contingent the smile and the responding pressure of her hand were addressed.

Her eyes were red and swollen, and, for the first time, her dress was not elaborately arranged.

She spoke first, "You do not love me, Fletcher!"

"Not love you, Matilda! God only knows how tenderly I love you."

"No, Fletcher, you do *not* love me, — the truth has broken upon me with irresistible proof."

"What do you mean, Matilda? What have you heard? Surely it is not — it cannot be" ——

"*It is*, Fletcher. Your note has nullified our engagement. I have judged you by my own heart. I have questioned, examined that, and I am sure that no fancied duty, — no *absolute* duty could have forced me, — much less persuaded me at its first intimation, to expose the happiness that was just within our grasp to the hazards of time.'

Fletcher poured out protestations and prayers,

and concluded with assuring Matilda, that, "if she would share with him, at the present moment, his abated fortune, if she would at once risk the uncertainties that he must encounter, he should be a happier and prouder man than all the wealth in the world could make him."

Matilda burst into tears. "It is not right, — it is not generous," she said, "to put what you consider a test to me. It is none. You must acquit me of any grovelling care for money. You have but to look six weeks backward to remember, that the first fortune in the city was waiting my acceptance, and fashion, and brilliant family connexions. I sacrificed all, without a shadow of regret, to you, and now I am thought very lightly of in comparison with a fancied duty."

"A *fancied* duty? Good Heaven!"

"A real duty, then; but so questionable, that nine men out of ten would pronounce it no duty at all. It is *not* the money. I care as little for that as you can; but it is the terrible truth you have forced on me, — you do not love me."

"Matilda, you wrong yourself, — you wrong me."

"Prove it to me, then, Fletcher. Let our relations be what they were yesterday, — burn those letters, and forget them."

"Never!" cried Fletcher, indignantly, "so help me God, — never."

"Then the tie that bound us is sundered, — our engagement is dissolved."

"Amen!" said Fletcher, and he rushed from the house, — his mind confused and maddened with broken hopes, disappointed affection, and dissolving delusions.

There is one painful but sure cure for love. The slow-coming, resisted, but irresistible conviction of the unworthiness of the person beloved.

* * * * *

A little more than two years had passed away, when one bright morning, at the hour of ceremonious visiting, a superb carriage, looking more like a ducal equipage than one befitting a wealthy citizen of a republic, drew up at Mrs. Dunbar's door. The gilded harness was emblazoned with heraldic devices, and a coat of arms was embroidered in gold on the hammer-cloth, and painted on the pannels. The coachman and footman, in fresh and tasteful liveries, were in the dickey, and the proprietor of the equipage (in appearance a very inferior part of it) was seated on the box with a friend. Within the

coach was a lady, magnificently dressed in the latest fashion. She seemed

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command;"

but she had thwarted the plan, — she had extinguished the "angel light," — she had herself closed the gates of Paradise, and voluntarily circumscribed her vision to this world. She had foregone the higher element for which she was destined; but the wings she had folded for ever betrayed by their fluttering her disquietude with the way she had chosen. The face that, turned heavenward, would have reflected Heaven, was fixed earthward, and the dark spirits of Discontent and Disappointment brooded over it.

There is a baser traffic going on in this world of ours, than that which the poet has immortalized in his history of Faust, carried on under the forms of law, and with the holy seal and superscription of marriage.

The lady alighted from the coach and was on the door-step, awaiting her husband. He did not move. The footman had rung the bell, and Mrs. Dunbar's servant stood awaiting the *entrée*.

"Are you not going in with me, Ned?" she asked.

"Not I, — I hate bridal visits."

'Oh, come with me, I entreat you," she said, earnestly.

"It 's a bore! I can't. Bob and I will drive round the square, and take you up as we return."

The lady looked vexed and embarrassed; but there seemed no alternative.

"Is there much company in the drawing-room, Daniel?" she asked.

"None, ma'am. Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs. Dunbar, the bride, — Miss Ellen that was, — don't see company in a regular way, as it were."

"No? I heard she did. I 'll leave my card now."

While she was taking it from her card-case the door opened, and Fletcher Dunbar, with a manner the most frank and unembarrassed, advanced, and offered her his hand. "Pray, Mrs. Garston," he said, "do not turn us off with a card; we are at home, and, like all happy people, most happy to hear congratulations."

Matilda Garston had not been under Mrs. Dunbar's roof since the memorable morning, when she found Fletcher at his father's desk. How changed was life now to all parties! Fletcher had awakened from the dream of boyhood to a reality of trustful love, to which his "ripened judgment" had set its seal.

Ellen, who had resigned her hope of reigning in Fletcher's heart, was now its elected and enthroned queen. She looked like the embodied spirit of home, and domestic love and happiness The two young women contrasted like the types of the spiritual and material world.

Our good friend, Mrs. Dunbar, was at the acme of felicity. It would have been in vain for her to try to repress the overflowing of her heart, and try she did not. It sparkled and ran over like a brimming glass of champagne.

"I am truly glad to see you here again, Matilda. — Mrs. Garston, I mean," she said; "I really am, my dear. And now we have met, old friends together, I will tell you, that I never had one hard thought, no, not one, at your breaking off with Fletcher. It was providential all round. Fine pictures should have fine frames; — you, my dear, just fit the one you are set in, and our little Ellen was made to be worn, like a miniature, close to the heart. I used to be a believer in *first love*, now I think '*second thoughts best.*'"

THE FAIRIES' DANCE

The moon is full, the stars are bright,
The monks are all asleep;
Now gayly come the Fays to-night,
Their revelry to keep.
They love the abbeys old and gray,
Whence the vesper song is heard,
And the matin hymn at break of day
Awakes the singing bird.

With waving torch, and tiny shout,
The nimble foot they ply,
And Fairy laughs are ringing out
Beneath the midnight sky;—
Then mortals hear the merry peals,
And wonder at the sound,
So like the chiming of harebells,
When light winds steal around.

A joyous race the Fairies are,
In gossamer bedight,
With diamonds twined among their hair,
And gleaming in the light.
They sport themselves beneath the sea,
Where the stormy wind comes not,—
Where phosphor gleams from the coral tree
To light up the crystal grot.

In bowers of odorous amber made,
The sea-sprites love to dwell, —
The floor with mother-of-pearl inlaid,
And gleams of the bright, pink shell.
There the sea-fan waves above their head,
With many a gorgeous gem,
And the glorious things 'neath the ocean spread
Are known to only them

In the mountain cave, where diamonds burn,
The Fairies' home is made;
They bathe themselves in the flow'ret's urn,
In the still, lone forest shade;
Wherever her spell hath Beauty wove,
The Fairy is sure to be, —
In the silent cave, in the palmy grove,
Or the deep, blue, boundless sea.

But most they love, in the starry night,
From ocean and air to hie,
And sport themselves in the soft moonlight,
'Neath the still, still midnight sky.
And then do they love the hallowed ground,
Whence prayer was wont to rise, —
For a holier spell is breathed around,
In the blessed evening skies.

They prop the walls with pious care,
When touched by the hand of time
And bid round the altar, worn and bare,
The clinging ivy climb;

And thus, though ages should pass away,
It stands in its ivy veil,
And Fairies under its arches play,
In the moonlight clear and pale.

THE PORTRAIT

BY H. F. GOULD.

Well, thou art done, cold, silent thing;
  Unconscious, — breathless, — yet with power
A flood of feelings deep to bring,
  Unknown until the present hour

And wherefore done to life so true?
  Not human pride nor vanity
Could cause the artist hand to do
  And show the world a deed like thee!

And was it simple, most, or kind,
  To have upon the canvass cast
My semblance; thus to leave behind
  My shadow, when myself am past?

I view thee as a piece composed
  To last when I am gone from sight, —
When time and earth to me are closed,
  To be in time and earthly light

I know not if another eye
  Will ever weep beside thee more
Than mine does now, I know not why, —
  It never dropped such tears before.

'T is this, perhaps, that makes me weep,—
The thought that I may pass away,
And those who have thee then to keep
Will glance at thee, and still be gay

But why should grief be felt by me,
For fear that others will not grieve?
And what to others, then, will be
A shade of life that I may leave?

But, still resistless from their spring,
Gush up these hot, mysterious tears,
Whilst thou, cold, stoic, heartless thing,
Dost wear a smile that 's set for years!

Years! Ah! but then, when years shall wipe
From being every line of thee,
The spirit, which thy prototype
Enshrined, shall live eternally

GUESS MY NAME!

Go, gather from the laughing wave,
  Where ripples bright o'er sea-shells shine;
The sweetest tone thine ear can crave,—
  A sweeter voice than this is mine.

Go, listen to the dancing leaves,
  When summer's wooing winds are nigh;
My breath, a softer music, weaves
  Around the heart its magic sigh.

In every land where young hearts feel,
  Love holds my service very dear,—
And many a bond I 'm called to seal,
  No witness, but the parties, near.

Both dear and cheap, at once am I,—
  A thing that love will give away,
And shining gold can hardly buy.
  Oh, need I now my name display?

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